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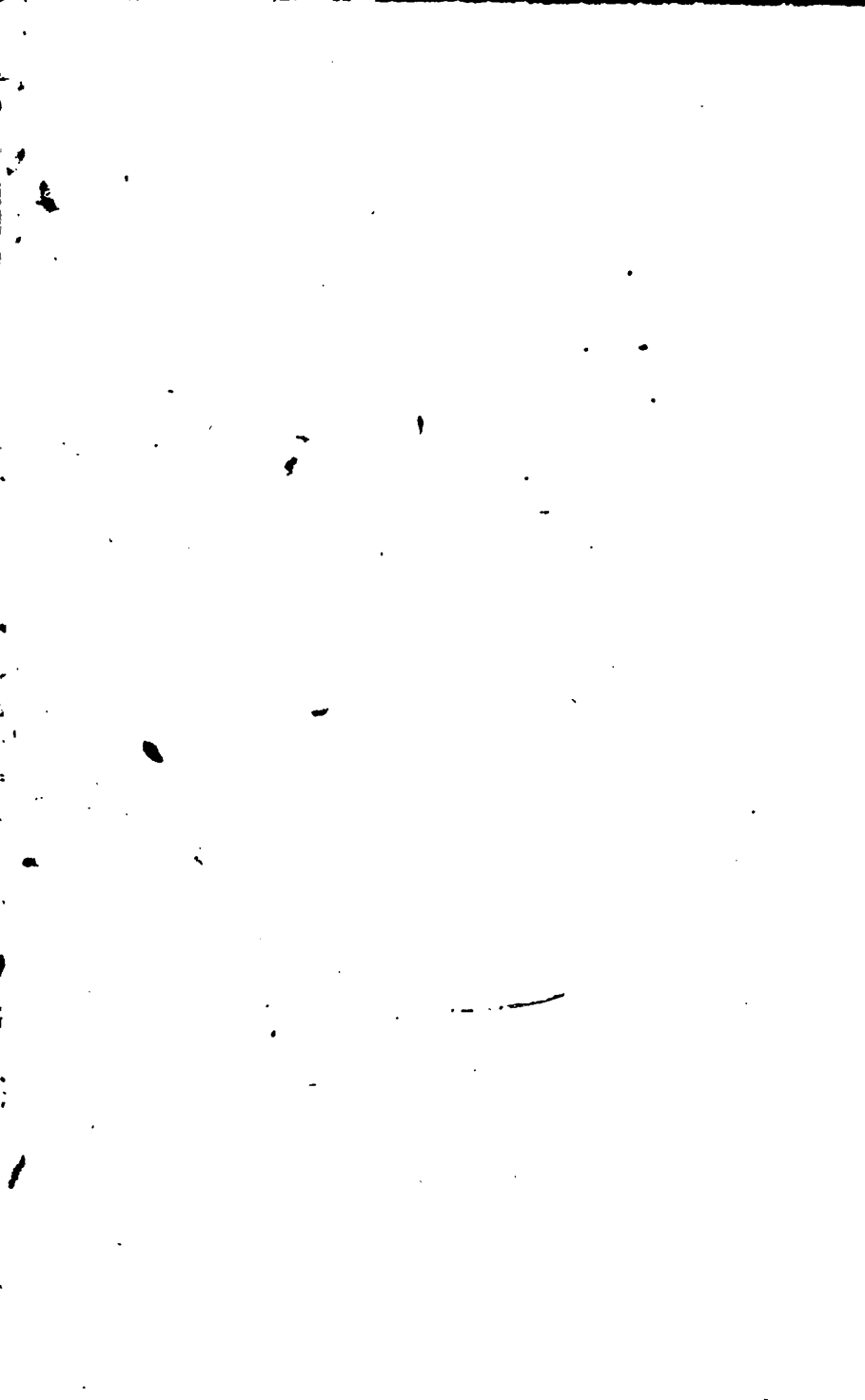
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**WALLENSTEIN.**



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EDINBURGH;  
PRINTED BY JAMES BALLANTYNE AND CO.

# **WALLENSTEIN:**

**DRAMATIC POEM.**

**FROM THE GERMAN OF**

**FREDERICK SCHILLER.**

**VOL. II.**

**EDINBURGH:**

**PRINTED FOR CADELL AND CO. EDINBURGH;  
AND SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL,  
LONDON.**

**1827.**





**THE**  
**DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.**



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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WALLENSTEIN.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

MAX PICCOLOMINI.

TERZKY.

ILLO.

ISOLANI.

BUTTLER.

CAPTAIN NEUMANN.

COLONEL WRANGEL—*Envoy from the Swedes.*

GORDON—*Commandant of Egra.*

MAJOR GERALDIN.

DEVEREUX,        }  
MACDONALD,        } *Captains in the Army of WALLEN-*  
                          STEIN.

AN ADJUTANT.

SWEDISH CAPTAIN.

CUIRASSIERS.

BURGOMASTER *of Egra.*

SENI.

DUCHESS OF FRIEDLAND.

COUNTESS TERZKY.

THEKLA.

FRAUELEIN NEUBRUNN—*Attendant* } *To the Prin-*  
ROSENBERG—*Equerry*                } *cess THEKLA.*  
*Dragoons, Servants, Pages, &c.*

*The Scene during the three first Acts in the Camp at  
Pilsen, afterwards at Egra.*



THE  
DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.

[*A chamber prepared for astrological labours, and furnished with spheres, charts, quadrants, and other astronomical apparatus. The curtain is withdrawn from a rotunda in which the seven planets, each in its niche, are visible, strangely lighted. SENI is contemplating the stars—WALLENSTEIN stands before a large black table, on which the planetary aspects are delineated.*]

WALLENSTEIN—SENI.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let us have done to-night, Seni. Come down,

VOL. II.

A

The morning breaks, and Mars is in his rule ;  
It boots not now to labour longer. Come,  
We know enough already.

SENI.

Let me look  
Once more on Venus. Even now she rises.  
Bright as a sun she glitters in the east.

WALLENSTEIN.

She is at present in her perigee,  
And shoots the fulness of her influence down.

*[Looking on the figure on the table.]*

O glorious horoscope ! So stand at last  
The mighty three mysteriously together ;  
And the two stars of blessing, Jupiter  
And Venus, in ascendant houses take  
The baneful Mars between them, and subdue  
The old malignant planet to my service.  
Long hath he been mine enemy, and shot  
His rays oblique or perpendicular,  
In Quartile ever or in Opposition,  
Against the radiance of my better stars ;

And blighted with his glare their healthier fires ;  
But they are dominant at last, and hold  
Mine ancient foe a prisoner in heaven.

SENI.

And both these mighty Lumina besieged  
By no malefic influence. Saturn wanes  
Hurtless and powerless *in cadente domo*.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay, Saturn's reign is out—he who presides  
Over the secrets of the womb of earth,  
The deep abysses of the heart of man,  
And all that shuns the searching light of day:  
No time is this to brood and think in darkness,  
For Jupiter, the star of glory, rules,  
And draws the darkly-meditated work  
Forth to the realms of light : Now is the time  
For action, ere the planetary scheme  
That brightens o'er my head again roll by—  
For ever-changing is the face of heaven.

[*Knocking at the door.*

See there—who knocks.



## THE DEATH

TERZKY (*without.*)

Open the door.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis Terzky.

What is so pressing? we are busied now.

TERZKY (*without.*)

Lay all beside, I prithee, for my message

Admits of no delay.

WALLENSTEIN.

Then open, Seni.

[ *While Seni opens, Wallenstein draws  
the curtain before the figures.*

## SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN—COUNT TERZKY.

TERZKY.

Know'st thou the tidings?—He is taken, and

By Gallas to the Emperor deliver'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who hath been taken ?—who hath been delivered ?

TERZKY.

He who knows all the secrets of our plan,  
Our dealings with the Swedes and with the Saxons—  
He, through whose hands have all our counsels gone.

WALLENSTEIN (*drawing back.*)

How ?—Not Sesina !—Say not so, I pray thee.

TERZKY.

Upon his route for Ratisbon to the Swedes,  
He hath been captured by the scouts of Gallas,  
Who long have hung upon his track. My whole  
Dispatches meant for Kinsky, Matthes Thurn,  
For Oxenstiern, for Arnheim, he bore with him,  
And all are in their hands. The Emperor knows  
All we have done, and all we meant to do.

## SCENE III.

*The same.* ILLO.

ILLO (*to Terzky.*)

The Duke knows all?

TERZKY.

He does.

ILLO (*to Wallenstein.*)

Dost thou still hope

To make thy peace with th' Emperor, or regain  
His confidence? Should'st thou even now abandon  
Thy plans for ever—what thy will hath been,  
The monarch knows too well. Onward thou must,  
For backward there is no retreating now.

TERZKY.

Our foes have evidence within their hands,  
That speaks against us with resistless tongue.

WALLENSTEIN.

*I* gave no writing—*Thine* I can deny.

ILLO.

So !—think'st thou then, what he, thy sister's husband,  
In *thy* name, may have promised or perform'd,  
Shall not be deem'd thy deed, and laid on thee ?  
Shall *his* word be as thine among the Swedes,  
And not among thy rivals at Vienna ?

TERZKY.

Thou gavest no writing. That is true—but think  
How far in words thou hast ventured with Sesina—  
Will he be silent ? When disclosure may  
Preserve his life, will he preserve thy secret ?

ILLO.

Thyself cannot believe it so. And since  
Thou know'st how far events have gone already,  
Speak—what is thy resolve ?—No longer canst thou  
Retain thine office ; thou art lost, beyond  
The hope of mercy, if thou lay'st it down.

WALLENSTEIN.

The army is my strong defence. The army  
Will not forsake me. Let them know the worst,  
The power is mine, they must digest the pill ;

And let me change my fealty for caution,  
They cannot choose, but be, or seem, contented.

ILLO.

The army is with thee—true, for the moment  
'Tis so ; but yet I tremble at the slow,  
The silent might of Time. From open force  
The soldier's favour for a day may yield thee  
A brief security ; but give them leisure,  
And soon the hollow surface of opinion  
On which thou tread'st, thy foes will undermine,  
Steal one by one its frail supports away,  
Till, when the mighty earthquake comes at last,  
The brittle treacherous edifice gives way.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is an evil chance.

ILLO.

I'll say—a happy one,  
If it but act upon thee as it ought,  
And drive thee to decide. The Swedish Colonel—

WALLENSTEIN.

Is he arrived ? Know'st thou what news he brings ?

ILLO.

He will intrust them only to thyself.

WALLENSTEIN (*musings*.)

An evil—evil chance. Indeed Sesina  
Knows but too much, and he will not be silent.

TERZKY.

He's a Bohemian rebel and deserter ;  
His life is forfeited, and, could he save it  
At thy expense, will he be scrupulous ?  
Or if they question him upon the rack,  
Will he, the dastard, bear and not betray ?

WALLENSTEIN (*lost in reflection.*)

The hour of confidence is past. With them,  
Act as I will, I shall be deem'd a traitor.  
Even should I turn again to mine allegiance,  
It were too late ; it would not help me now.

ILLO.

It would undo thee quite. Thy foes would say  
Thy weakness, not thy will, had made thee true.

WALLENSTEIN (*moving up and down in extreme agitation.*)

How ! must I then in act fulfil these things,  
Because in thought I may have play'd with them ?  
Alas ! 'tis evil jesting with the devil.

ILLO.

Thou may'st have jested—but the jest, believe me,  
In solemn earnestness will be atoned.

WALLENSTEIN.

If I must do the deed, now is the time ;  
Now, while the power is mine, it must be done.

ILLO.

If possible, before thy foes at court  
Expect the stroke, or can avert the blow.

WALLENSTEIN (*looking at the signatures to the bond.*)

I have the general's promise here in writing—  
Max Piccolomini's not here. Why not ?

TERZKY (*hesitating.*)

Perhaps he thought——

ILLO.

Mere self-conceit ! He thought  
Such things were needless betwixt thee and him.

WALLENSTEIN.

Such things indeed *are* needless. He was right.  
The regiments say they will not march for Flanders ;  
Here is the written message they have sent,  
Loud murmuring at the order. So already  
Rebellion's progress is begun.

ILLO.

Believe me,  
'Twill be an easier task to lead them over  
Unto the Swedes than to the Spaniards.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yet—

First let us hear the message of the Swede.

ILLO (*hastily.*)

Wilt call him, Terzky ? He is there without.

WALLENSTEIN.

O wait but for a moment—for a moment  
The stroke hath overpower'd me. It hath come



Too soon. I would not that the blast of chance,  
With blind omnipotence, should sweep me on.

ILLO.

First hear his message—then decide at leisure.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN (*solus.*)

And is it possible? Is there no more  
Return, even though I would? Must I in truth  
Fulfil the deed, because I ponder'd it,  
And cast not forth the tempter from my soul?  
Because my heart hath fed upon a dream,  
And for its dim fulfilment I have kept  
The means beside me, and the way still open?  
No, by the God of Heaven! the thought was not  
The slow deliberate purpose of my mind;  
'Twas but an airy thought that haunted it—  
A vision born of freedom and of power.

Was it a crime if fancy did build up  
The glittering phantom of a kingly throne?  
Was not the will still free within my bosom,  
And saw I not the path beside me ever  
That left the choice still open for return?  
What sudden step hath led me on, where all  
Backward lies dark and trackless, and a wall  
By mine own acts uprear'd, behind me tow'rs  
Insuperably high, and hems me in!

[*He remains musing.*]

I wear the face of guilt. 'Twere vain to struggle  
Against the charge—I cannot cast it from me.  
The mystery of my life will speak against me;  
And even the sacred fountain of pure deeds  
The venom of suspicion will empoison.  
If I had been the traitor I am deem'd,  
I would have courted fair appearances—  
I would have drawn the veil more closely round me,  
And given no voice to my complaints; but knowing  
My heart was pure, my will was guiltless, therefore  
I gave my humour and my passion play.

Rude were my words, because my deeds were gentle.  
Now, every thoughtless action of my life  
Will seem a link of one wide-reaching plan ;  
The idle words that pride or anger spoke,  
In the heart's overflow, will they remember,  
And weave into an artful web against me,  
And peal a fearful clamour in mine ear,  
Before which I must needs be dumb. So am I  
Entangled in the net myself have wrought,  
And nought but Force can rend its meshes now.

*(Pausing.)*

How different was it when my soaring spirit  
Alone allured me to the deed, which now  
Safety and strong necessity compel !  
Stern is the aspect of necessity ;  
Nor without shuddering does the hand of man  
Dip into destiny's mysterious urn.  
In mine own breast my deed was still mine own ;  
But, once escaping from that dark concealment,  
The heart's recess, its own maternal home,  
Let it but wander forth to light and day,

And it belongs to those capricious powers,  
Whom man still strives, but strives in vain, to soften.

[*He paces hastily through the chamber,  
then stops, again musing.*

What is thy purpose? Hast thou fairly view'd it  
Thyself? Thou seek'st from its broad base to shake  
The calm enthroned majesty of power,  
By ages of possession consecrate—  
Firm rooted in the rugged soil of custom—  
And with the people's first and fondest faith,  
As with a thousand stubborn tendrils twined.  
That were no strife where strength contends with  
strength.

It is not strength I fear—I fear no foe  
That with my bodily eye I see and scan,  
Who, brave himself, inflames my courage too.  
It is an unseen enemy I fear,  
Who in the hearts of mankind fights against me—  
Fearful to me, but from his own weak fear.  
Not that which proudly towers in life and strength  
Is truly dreadful, but the mean and common,

The memory of th' eternal *yesterday*,  
Which, ever-warning, ever still returns,  
And weighs to-morrow, since it weigh'd to-day ;  
For out of common things is man made up,  
And clings to custom, as her foster-son.  
Woe then to him whose daring hand profanes  
The cherish'd heir-looms of his ancestors !  
There is a consecrating power in time,  
And what is grey with years to man is godlike.  
Be in possession, and thou art in right ;  
The crowd will lend their aid to keep it holy.—

[ *To the Page, who enters.*

Is it the Swedish Colonel ? Let him come.

[ *Page goes out. WALLENSTEIN looks  
musingly towards the door.*

Still it is pure ; no treachery as yet  
Hath cross'd this threshold ; and thus slender is  
The boundary that divides two paths in life !

Like me, were born beneath another sky—  
Not for the Emperor—More than half deserted  
From foreign services to ours, and fight  
Indifferent, if beneath the Double Eagle,  
Beneath the Lion, or the Fleur-de-Lys.  
But o'er this fiery mass *one* leader rules  
With equal sway, by equal hope and fear  
Binding the many-nation'd horde in one.  
And as the lightning's flash, from heaven to earth  
Drawn by the guiding rod, glides swiftly down,  
So flies his watchword from the farthest sentry  
That on the Baltic hears the breakers roar,  
Or stands within Adige's fruitful vales,  
Even to the nearest guard that holds his post  
Within the palace in the capital.

QUESTENBERG.

What's the brief meaning of this long harangue?

BUTTLER.

That the respect, the love, the confidence,  
That bind us in subjection thus to Friedland,  
Are not so lightly to be bought and sold

To the first bidder that Vienna sends.  
We cannot quite so easily forget  
How this command was placed in Friedland's hands.  
Was it, forsooth, the Emperor's majesty  
That gave the army to his hand, and sought  
A leader only for his forces?—No!  
The army had as yet no being—*He*,  
*He* must create that army. He received not,  
But gave it to the Emperor. Not from *him*  
Did we receive our Wallenstein as leader—  
Not so, Sir Councillor—Through Wallenstein  
We first received the Emperor as master:—  
*He* binds us—*he* alone—to these our banners.

OCTAVIO (*advancing between them*).

Sir Councillor, I pray thee to remember  
That we are in the camp, and among warriors.  
'Tis liberty and boldness makes the soldier:  
If he is bold in action, must he not  
Be bold in speech—one leads unto the other.  
The bravery of this worthy officer,

[*Pointing to* BUTTLER.

Which in this instance but o'ersteps its bound,  
Preserved, when nothing else but boldness could,  
Amidst a fearful mutiny, his capital  
Of Prague for the Emperor.

[ *Warlike music is heard from a distance.*

ILLO.

'Tis they—they come !

The guard salutes their entrance ; and this signal  
Informs us that the Duchess is arrived.

OCTAVIO (*to QUESTENBERG*).

Then my son Max too is return'd : 'twas he  
Was their conductor from Carinthia hither.

ISOLANI (*to ILLO*).

Come—shall we go together then, and greet them ?

ILLO.

With all my heart, friend.—Colonel Buttler, come.—

[ *To OCTAVIO.*

Remember, that ere noon we meet again  
This gentleman, in presence of the Prince.



## SCENE III.

OCTAVIO *and* QUESTENBERG (*who remain*).

QUESTENBERG (*with signs of astonishment*).

What must I listen to, Lieutenant-General?—

What uncontroll'd audacity?—what language?—

Are such as these the sentiments of all?—

OCTAVIO.

Three-fourths of th' army feel and speak as they.

QUESTENBERG.

Alas! where shall we find a second then

To watch the first? This Illo, I can see,

Thinks worse even than he speaks; and Buttler, too,

Scarce labour'd to conceal his evil meaning.

OCTAVIO.

'Tis petulance—offended pride—no more.

Of him I shall have hope. I know the spell

By which this evil spirit may be laid.

QUESTENBERG (*walking about in great uneasiness*).

Nay ! this is worse, far worse, my friend, than aught  
That we had ever dreamt of in Vienna.

We look'd upon it but with courtiers' eyes,  
Whose sight the splendour of the throne had blinded ;  
The great commander then we had not seen—  
The omnipotent, in his encampment here.

*Here 'tis far otherwise !—*

*Here is no Emperor more !—the Prince is Emperor !—*  
The circuit which even now I made with thee  
Around this camp, has sunk my hopes for ever.

OCTAVIO.

Thou dost thyself perceive, my friend, how dangerous  
The office is the Court hath laid on me—  
How delicate the part I have to play.  
The slenderest suspicion of the Duke  
Would cost me liberty and life at once,  
And but accelerate to its completion  
His daring purpose.

QUESTENBERG.

Where was our reflection,

When to this madman's grasp we gave the sword,  
And placed a power like this in hands like these !  
Too strong for his ill-guarded heart hath proved  
The dark temptation : Even a better man  
Had fail'd beneath the fiery trial. He,  
I tell thee, will resist the Emperor's orders—  
He can, and will ;—and his unpunish'd daring  
Will but more shamefully expose our weakness.

## OCTAVIO.

And think'st thou 'tis for nothing that he brings  
His wife and daughter to the camp—even now,  
Amidst this warlike note of preparation ?  
That he withdraws from out the Emperor's hands  
The latest pledges for his faith, betokens  
A speedy outbreak of the insurrection.

## QUESTENBERG.

Then woe to us !—How shall we face the storm,  
That, darkening from all sides, comes driving in ?  
The foe already on the frontiers—masters  
Of our own Danube, spreading on and on—  
Within, the tocsin of rebellion pealing—

The peasantry in arms—all ranks infected—  
The army, too, to which we look'd for aid,  
Seduced—grown savage—wean'd from all control—  
Dissever'd from the State and from the Emperor ;  
The giddy million by the giddier led—  
A fearful instrument, that blindly acts  
Devoted to its desperate leader's will.

## OCTAVIO.

Yet let us not despair too soon, my friend—  
The word is ever bolder than the deed ;  
And many a one, that in his blinded zeal  
Seems now prepared for all extremities,  
Will find a warning heart within his breast,  
Give but the crime its true unvarnish'd name—  
Meantime we are not wholly unprotected.  
Counts Altringer and Gallas, as ye know,  
Hold in their duty still their little host,  
And reinforce it daily. To surprise us  
Is hopeless ; for on every side, thou knowest,  
I have surrounded him with listeners—

Even of his slightest step am I inform'd  
At once—nay, his own mouth reveals it to me.

QUESTENBERG.

'Tis inconceivable, he fails to see  
The enemy beside him !

OCTAVIO.

Think not, sir,  
That I, by lying, or dissembling arts,  
Have stolen into his favour, or sustain  
By hypocritic words his confidence.  
If prudence, and the duty which I owe  
The Empire and the Emperor, require me  
To hide from him my heart's true sentiments,  
I never yet have feign'd a false one to him.

QUESTENBERG.

It is the visible agency of Heaven.

OCTAVIO.

I know not what it is that draws and fetters  
The Duke so firmly to my son and me.  
True, we were ever friends, brothers in arms—  
Custom, companionship of war and toil,

United us yet early. Yet, methinks,  
I know the day when all at once his heart  
Was open'd to me—his regard increased.  
It was the morn before the field of Lützen ;  
A frightful dream drove me to seek him out,  
And offer him another battle-steed.  
Far from the tents away, beneath a tree  
I found him wrapp'd in slumber. When I woke him,  
And told him of my doubts and of my dream,  
He look'd upon me long with wonder, then  
Fell on my neck, and show'd a feeling, deeper  
Than aught the slender service merited ;  
And since that day, his confidence pursues me  
More closely, even as mine from him withdraws.

QUESTENBERG.

Doubtless thy son knows of thy secret ?

OCTAVIO.

No.

QUESTENBERG.

How ! mean'st thou not to warn him of his danger ?

OCTAVIO.

No: I must trust him to his innocence—  
Disguise is foreign to his open heart;  
And nought so well as ignorance can guard  
Against the Duke his purity of soul.

QUESTENBERG.

My worthy friend, I have the best opinion  
Of Colonel Piccolomini; but yet——

OCTAVIO.

Yet I must make the trial. Peace—he comes.

## SCENE IV.

MAX PICCOLOMINI. OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI.

QUESTENBERG.

MAX.

See, he is there himself—O welcome, father.

[*He embraces him—turning round, sees QUESTENBERG, and steps back coldly.*

Busied, I see—I will not interrupt you.

OCTAVIO.

How, Max? look better at this guest. Methinks  
Some kindness, sir, is due to an old friend—  
Some reverence to the Emperor's messenger.

MAX (*drily and coldly*).

Welcome, Von Questenberg, if aught of good  
Brings thee to our head-quarters.

QUESTENBERG (*takes him by the hand*).

Nay, draw not

Thy hand away, Count Piccolomini;  
Not on mine own account alone I grasp it,  
And nought of common import will I say.

[*Takes both their hands.*]

Octavio—Max Piccolomini,  
Propitious names, of solemn augury,  
Never can Austria's fortune change or fade,  
So long as two benignant stars like these  
Shine, like protecting spirits, o'er her armies.

MAX.

Thou dost mistake thy part, Sir Minister,  
'Twas not to flatter thou wert sent—to blame



And censure was the purpose of thine errand  
Let me be no exception from my fellows.

OCTAVIO (*to MAX*).

He comes from court, where all are not so well  
Contented with the Duke as we are here.

MAX.

And what new fault then have they found in him?—  
That he alone decides what he alone  
Can understand—Well, he is in the right;  
And so it should, and so it will remain.  
A man like this was never made to turn  
And twine his spirit to another's will.  
It goes against his heart—he cannot do it;  
No—he is gifted with a ruler's soul,  
And placed exalted in a ruler's station—  
And well for us it is so. Few there are  
Can rule themselves, or use their wisdom wisely:  
And happy for mankind, when one is found  
Who stands a centre-point for many thousands—  
Who, like a massive pillar, plants himself,  
To which man clings with confidence and joy.

Even such is Wallenstein. Perhaps another  
Might better suit the Court, but for the army  
None else is needed.

QUESTENBERG.

For the army—doubtless !

MAX.

'Tis wonderful to see how he awakes,  
And gives new life and strength to all around him.  
How every energy comes out ! Each gift  
Grows plainer to men's selves when he is nigh !  
From each he draws his own endowment forth—  
His own peculiar talent in perfection ;  
Leaving each man to be what Nature made him,  
And watching only that he be so ever  
In the right place. So knows he how to mould  
The powers of all men to his purposes.

QUESTENBERG.

And who denies him knowledge of mankind,  
And knowledge how to use them ? We complain  
That in the master he forgets the servant,  
As if he had been born to his command.

MAX.

And is he not ? With every gift for it  
He's born ; and with the gift, too, to fulfil  
The purposes of Nature, and to gain  
A ruler's station for a ruler's talent.

QUESTENBERG.

So then it lies with him alone to fix  
The worth at which the rest of men are rated ?

MAX.

Uncommon men require no common trust ;  
Give him but room and he will set the bound.

QUESTENBERG.

The trial shows it.—

MAX.

Ay ! 'tis ever so.

Ye start at everything of depth, and think  
That ye are never safe but in the shallows.

OCTAVIO (*to QUESTENBERG*).

Better to yield with a good grace, my friend ;  
With him these arguments are unavailing.

MAX.

Ye call a spirit in the hour of need ;  
And when it rises, then ye shake and shudder !  
With you th' uncommon and sublime must be  
Done calmly, as a thing of course. But in  
The field all is rapidity. The personal  
Must influence—man's own eye behold. The leader  
With every boon of Nature must be gifted,  
Then let him live in their free exercise—  
The oracle within—the living spirit—  
Not musty books, and old forgotten forms—  
Not mould'ring parchments—must he call to council.

OCTAVIO.

My son ! despise not these old narrow forms.  
Precious invaluable weights are they,  
With which oppress'd mankind have overhung  
The tyrannizing will of their oppressors :  
For arbitrary power was ever terrible.  
The way of order, though it lead through windings,  
Is still the best. Right forward goes the lightning—  
Straight cleaves the cannon-ball its murd'rous way—

Quick by the nearest course it gains its goal,  
Destructive in its path and in its purpose.  
My son ! the peaceful track which men frequent,  
The path where blessings most are scatter'd, follows  
The river's course, the valley's gentle bendings,  
Encompasses the corn-field and the vineyard ;  
Revering property's appointed bounds,  
And leading slow, but surely, to the mark.

QUESTENBERG.

O, listen to thy father !—Unto him,  
Who is at once a hero and a man !

OCTAVIO.

It is the child of the camp that speaks in thee,  
My son ; a war of fifteen years hath nursed thee :  
Peace thou hast never seen. There is a worth,  
My son, beyond the worth of warrior ;  
In war itself, the object is not war.  
The great, the rapid deeds of human power—  
The glory and the wonder of the moment—  
It is not these, alas ! that minister  
Lasting repose or happiness to man.

COUNTESS.

I came to offer my congratulations,—  
Come I too soon? I will not think so.

WALLENSTEIN.

Terzky,

Employ the husband's right, and bid her go.

COUNTESS.

I would have given Bohemia a King.

WALLENSTEIN.

The time is past.

COUNTESS.

How! Whence this sudden change?

TERZKY.

The Duke *wills* not.

COUNTESS.

He *wills* not, where he must?

ILLO.

'Tis now thy turn; try thou, for I have done,  
When men begin to talk of truth and conscience.

COUNTESS (*to Wallenstein*).

How! what is this? When all was dim and distant,

When the long road stretch'd endless out before thee,  
Then thou had'st courage and decision ; now,  
When out of dreams the truth begins to dawn,  
When the accomplishment drawn nigh, the issue  
Is all secured, beginn'st thou now to tremble ?  
Art thou but valiant in resolve, and coward  
In act ? Ay ! justify thy foes' opinion,  
For this it is which they expect of thee.  
Well do they know thy purpose, doubt not that ;  
'Tis seal'd, and written in their hearts against thee ;  
But they believe the deed impossible ;  
There they must learn to fear and to respect thee.  
And can it be ? When thou hast gone so far,  
When all the worst is known, when even the deed  
Is laid upon thy head, as done already,  
Wilt thou turn back and lose the fruit of all ?  
While but design'd, it is a vulgar crime ;  
But once accomplish'd, an immortal deed ;  
Let but the plan succeed, and it is pardon'd,  
For every issue is the doom of God.

SERVANT (*enters*).

The Colonel Piccolomini.

COUNTESS (*hastily*).

Must wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

I cannot see him now. Another time.

SERVANT.

He asks but for a moment's audience ;

He hath some business of most pressing import.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who knows what news he brings us ? I will hear him.

COUNTESS (*smiling*).

To him it may be pressing. Thou canst wait.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it ?

COUNTESS.

Thou shalt know in time, hereafter.

Meantime, let us dispatch the Swedish Envoy.

[*Exit servant.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

Were any choice still left me, any path



Still open for return, how gladly now  
Would I embrace it, to avoid the worst !

COUNTESS.

Is such thy wish ? Thou hast not far to go,  
The way is close at hand. Dismiss this Wrangel,  
Forget thy hopes, cast off the life that's past,  
And enter on another. Virtue has  
Her heroes too, as well as Fame or Fortune.  
Then seek the Emperor swiftly at Vienna ;  
Take with thee well-filled coffers, say thou hast  
But tried thine army's truth, and didst but mean  
To have the Swedes more fully at advantage.

ILLO.

For that even 'tis too late. Too much is known ;  
It would but bring thee sooner to the scaffold.

COUNTESS.

I fear not that. To judge him by the law  
They have no proofs, and force they will avoid.  
They will allow the Duke to rest in peace.  
I can foresee how all will end. The King  
Of Hungary will appear, the Duke will go,

It needs no prophet to foretell that issue.  
The King will have the army sworn again,  
And all will be as it hath been before.  
The Duke will hie him to his distant castles ;  
There will he farm, and build, and keep his stud,  
And rear a town, and dole his golden keys  
Among his minions, give his goodly feasts,  
And be a high and mighty King—in little.  
And if he bear himself with meekness, and  
Resolve indeed to think and act no more,  
They may permit him to live on, and seem  
A high and mighty Prince unto the end.  
Even so. The Duke will be of those new men  
Whom War hath raised ;—the creature of a night,  
Rear'd by the breath of that court favour, which,  
With equal ease, Barons and Princes makes.

## WALLENSTEIN.

Show me some path from out this fearful pressure,  
Propitious powers ! O show me such a one  
As I may tread ! I cannot, like the heroes  
Of words, the babblers about virtue, find

All I would ask, in mine own thoughts and will.  
I cannot stand, when Fortune turns her back,  
Magnanimous, and say, " I do not need thee."  
When I have ceased to act, I cease to be ;  
No sacrifice, no danger will I shun  
T' avoid the desperate step—the last and worst ;  
But ere I sink to utter nothingness,  
And set so meanly where I rose so bright—  
Before the world shall blend me with those beings,  
The wretched, whom a day can make or mar ;  
Shall ages present and to come, speak out  
My name with shuddering, and Friedland be  
The watchword for each dark accursed deed !

## COUNTESS.

What is there here that so revolts against  
Thy nature ? Nothing can *I* see. O, let not  
The ghostly forms of Superstition haunt  
And overshadow thy clear spirit so !  
Thou art accused of treachery ; if *with*  
Or *without* reason, is not now the question—  
Thou art lost, if swiftly thou dost not employ

The power which still is thine. Where lives the creature

So poor of heart, that will not guard its life  
With all the powers that life hath given? What act  
So bold, Necessity will not excuse?

WALLENSTEIN.

This Ferdinand was once so gracious to me—  
He loved me, he esteem'd me once. I stood  
The nearest to his heart. Whom hath he honour'd  
As he hath honour'd me?—and thus to end!

COUNTESS.

Dost thou remember so thy rising favour,  
Yet hast no memory for its swift decline?  
Must I recall to thy remembrance, how  
At Ratisbon thy service was rewarded?  
All ranks within the Empire thou hadst outraged  
To make him great, and on thy head drawn down  
The hatred and the curses of the world.  
Through Germany there lived no friend to thee;  
For thou had'st lived but for thine Emperor.  
To him alone thou could'st have clung, amidst

The storm, which in the Diet of Ratisbon  
Rose up against thee, yet he let thee go—  
Abandon'd thee, his friend,—a sacrifice  
To the Bavarian in his arrogance.  
Say not the restoration of thy rule  
Wipes out the memory of the first injustice ;  
Full well thou know'st it was no will of theirs ;  
The law of stern necessity restored thee  
Back to the rank they would have fain refused.

## WALLENSTEIN.

Not to their inclination, that is certain,  
Nor to his favour do I owe mine office—  
If I abuse it, I abuse no trust.

## COUNTESS.

Trust ? inclination ? they had *need* of thee.  
The importunate counsellor Necessity,  
That laughs at empty names and dazzling outsides,  
That calls for actions—not the show of action ;  
That ever seeks the best and greatest out,  
To place him at the helm ; although she seek him  
Among the lowest ;—she it was restored thee

To thy fit place, and wrote thy proud commission.  
For ever, while they may, this selfish race  
Works by the aid of patient slavish drudges ;  
But when extremity draws near at last,  
And hollow arts avail no more, they fall  
Into the stronger hands of Nature's nobles,—  
The giant spirits who obey no master,  
Acknowledge no allegiance, and subdue  
All laws and all conditions to their own.

## WALLENSTEIN.

'Tis true ! they saw me ever what I am.  
I never have deceived them ; I have ever  
Disdain'd the needless labour of concealing  
The bold ambitious temper of my mind.

## COUNTESS.

Nay ! thou wert terrible from first to last.  
Not thou, who still hast to thyself been true,  
But they alone are guilty ; for they fear'd thee,  
And fearing, left the power within thy hands.  
None can be justly blamed, whose character  
Hath ever been consistent with itself ;

There are no crimes save in its contradictions.  
Wert thou not what thou art eight years ago,  
When spreading fire and sword through Germany,  
Shaking the scourge of war above the land,  
Laughing to scorn the Empire's ordinances,  
Led by the fearful law of might alone,  
And treading down all lesser sovereignties,  
To spread abroad thy Sultan's sole dominion ?  
Then was the time to break thy stubborn will,  
To bend thee to subjection. But the Emperor  
Smiled on thy deeds, because he reap'd their fruit,  
And silently on these atrocious acts  
He laid the sanction of his royal seal.  
Can that, which was no crime when done *for* him,  
Become at once a crime, when done *against* him ?

## WALLENSTEIN.

I never view'd the matter thus, and yet,  
By Heaven, 'tis even so ! This Emperor  
Hath made my arm the instrument of deeds,  
Which, by the Empire's laws, had ne'er been done ;

And even this princely mantle which I wear,  
I owe to services that are but treasons.

## COUNTESS.

Then own, that 'twixt the Emperor and thee,  
The question is not one of right and duty,  
But one of power and opportunity.  
The hour is come when thou must reckon up  
The crowded columns of thy life's account ;  
The constellations stand victorious o'er thee ;  
The planets shower on thee good fortune down,  
And call to thee, 'Tis time. Hast thou so long  
Measured the movement of the stars in vain—  
With Quadrant and with Circle daily plied ;  
The Zodiac and the Hemispheres of Heaven  
Pourtray'd upon these mystic walls, and placed  
Around thee thus, in dumb prophetic symbols,  
The seven bright rulers of our destiny ;  
To make an idle pastime of the whole ?  
Does all this preparation lead to nothing ?  
Is there no substance in this hollow art,



That o'er its votaries it hath no power,  
No influence, in the moment of decision ?

WALLENSTEIN (*who, during these last words, has  
been moving up and down in the strongest agita-  
tion, stands suddenly still, and interrupts the  
COUNTESS, turning to ILLO.*)

Call me this Wrangel. Let three messengers  
Prepare them on the instant.

ILLO (*rushing out*).

God be praised !

WALLENSTEIN.

It is his evil genius and mine,  
That thus chastises *him* through me, the instrument  
Of his ambition ; and already, doubtless,  
The sword of Vengeance is made sharp for *me*.  
Let no man hope, who sows a dragon's tooth,  
To reap a joyful harvest. Every crime  
Bears its avenging angel in its breast—  
The dark forebodings of the heart within.

No more can he confide in me. No more

Can I return. What must be, must be done.

O ! Fate, thou art omnipotent—Our will

Is but the pliant instrument of thine.

*(To Terzky.)*

Bring me the Swede into my Cabinet—

I will hold converse with the messengers—

Send for Octavio.

*(To the Countess, who wears a look of triumph.)*

Triumph not too soon :

The destinies are jealous of their powers.

Who triumphs ere the time their rights defies.

To lay the seed within their hands is ours,

But time must tell, if good or ill shall rise.

*(As he goes out the Curtain falls.)*

END OF ACT FIRST.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

WALLENSTEIN—OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI—

*afterwards* MAX.

WALLENSTEIN.

He writes to me from Lintz, that he is sick ;  
But I have sure intelligence, that he  
Still lingers on in Frauenberg with Gallas.  
Seize on them both, and send them hither to me.  
Meantime, thou must amuse the Spanish regiments.  
Make show of action, but be never ready ;  
And, when they call on thee to rise against me,  
Say thou wilt lead them, but remain fast bound.  
I know the task I thus assign to thee,  
Amidst our plans, is one of idleness.  
Thou ever lov'dst to save appearances ;

The field of desperate action is not thine,  
And, therefore, have I chosen this part for thee,  
Where even thine inactivity will be  
Most useful. Then if Fortune shall declare  
For us, I need not tell thee what to do.

(MAX enters.)

Now, go, old man, for thou must forth to-night.  
Take mine own horse with thee. Thy son remains  
Here in the camp. Make thou thine absence short,  
And we shall meet again, I hope, in joy.

OCTAVIO (*to his son*).

I would converse with thee before I go.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

WALLENSTEIN—MAX PICCOLOMINI.

MAX (*approaching.*)

My General—

WALLENSTEIN.

I am not thy General,  
If thou art still the Emperor's officer.

MAX.

Then thou art fix'd, and thou wilt leave the army ?

WALLENSTEIN.

I have renounced the service of the Emperor.

MAX.

And leav'st the army ?

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause*).

No ; I hope to bind it  
More firmly to me than before.

(*Seating himself.*)

Yes, Max !

I would not make thee partner of my plan,  
Until the hour for action should have sounded.  
Youth's happy feeling easily perceives  
The right, and 'tis a joy to exercise  
The freedom of our judgment, when the riddle  
Of life admits a short and safe solution.  
But where, of two sad evils, one is certain,

And must be chosen ; when the heart escapes  
Not all unwounded from the strife of duties,  
It is a happiness to have no choice,  
And stern necessity becomes a boon.  
So is it at this moment. Look not back,  
It cannot now avail thee more. Look forward,  
Delay not, ponder not, prepare for action.  
My rivals have resolved on my destruction,  
It is my purpose to anticipate them.  
We will ally ourselves unto the Swedes,  
For they are generous foes, and faithful friends.

*(Pauses, waiting Piccolomini's answer.)*

I have surprised thee. Speak not to me now,  
I will allow thee time to answer calmly.

*[He rises and retires to the back ground.*

*MAX stands for a long time immovable,  
sunk in the deepest anguish. He makes  
a movement. WALLENSTEIN returns,  
and places himself opposite to him.]*

MAX.

My General, to-day thou makest me first

Of age : Till now I have been spared the task  
Of seeking for myself a path and guide.  
To thee I look'd ; for, when I follow'd thee,  
I knew I travell'd in the track of honour.  
Now, first since I have known thee, am I cast  
On mine own guidance, and compell'd to choose  
'Twixt thee and mine own heart.

WALLENSTEIN.

Till now, thou hast  
Been softly cradled in the lap of fortune ;  
In very play thou might'st perform thy duty,  
To every gentle impulse gently yield,  
And act thy part with undivided heart.  
It cannot be so longer. Far asunder  
The paths divide, and duties strive with duties ;  
And thou must choose thy party in the war,  
Which, even now between thy friend and Emperor,  
Is kindled.

MAX.

War—is that the name ? O ! war  
Is fearful as the plagues of heaven ; but yet

Good, when like them it is the work of heaven.  
But can that war be good, which thou wouldst wage  
Against the Emperor with his own array ?  
Oh ! God of heaven, how comes this fearful change ?  
Is it from thee I hear these accents—thee,  
Who, like the ever-stedfast polar star,  
Shone bright above my head, my life's conductor ?  
Oh ! what a rent thou makest within my heart !  
The old inrooted reverential awe,  
The holy custom of obedience,  
Must these no more be felt when thou art named ?  
O turn not thou thy face away ! To me  
It ever seem'd the aspect of a God ;  
It cannot lose its wonted power upon me.  
My thoughts still bend to thine ascendancy,  
Although my bleeding heart hath burst its chain.

WALLENSTEIN.

Max ! hear me—

MAX.

—Do it not, oh ! do it not.

Behold ! these pure and noble features bear



No traces of the dark unhappy deed.  
'Twas but thy fancy which the thought hath stain'd,  
And holy innocence will not be driven  
From that majestic mien of sovereignty.  
Oh ! cast the darksome spot, the demon, forth,  
And all shall be but as an evil dream,  
A warning to thy virtue. To all men  
Such evil moments come, but, in the strength  
Of better feelings, must they be o'ercome.  
Thou wilt not end in crime, for that would be  
To vilify for ever with mankind  
All nature's nobleness, and give a colour  
Unto the vulgar error, which denies  
All confidence to free and mighty spirits,  
And finds no surety save in impotence.

WALLENSTEIN.

Sternly the world will blame me—I expect it.  
All thou canst tell me I have said already.  
Where lives the man that would not, if he could,  
Avoid the worst ? But here there is no choice ;

Force I must exercise, or yield to force :  
So stands the case—None other course is left me.

MAX.

So be it then—Maintain thee in thy post  
By force—Oppose thine Emperor—Proceed,  
If so it must be, even to rebellion.  
I cannot praise the deed, but I can pardon ;  
I may not call it good, but I will share  
Thine evil—Only be not thou a *TRAITOR*—  
The word is spoken—Be not thou a *Traitor*.  
This is no mere o'erstepping of the bound—  
No venial error of a mighty mind,  
In overweening confidence of power,—  
No—this is black as night—black even as hell.

WALLENSTEIN (*with a dark frown, but calmly*).

Rash and impetuous are the words of youth,  
Though words are dangerous as the sharp-edged steel ;  
From its own heated brain it draws the measure  
Of things that own no standard but themselves.  
With you all must be great or infamous,  
Noble or base ; and what imagination

Clothes with these dim fantastic names, ye seek  
Among the beings and the things of life.  
The *world* is narrow, and the *brain* is wide,  
The *thoughts* lie peaceful in their ample room ;  
But in the world, *things* clash against each other ;  
Where one advances, must another yield ;  
He that would not be banish'd, must expel—  
There strife still reigns, and strength alone must conquer.

Yes, he who moves through life without a wish,  
May lightly yield all object—for he dwells  
In glowing fire, even as the salamander,  
And pure abides in a pure element.  
But nature temper'd me of grosser clay,  
And to the earth my wishes draw me down ;—  
Unto the evil spirit, not the good,  
The earth belongs. The blessings which the heavens  
Rain on us, are but universal gifts ;  
Their sun, which gladdens all, enriches none,  
And from their realm no property is wrung.  
The sparkling diamond, the all-prized gold,

These from the powers of Evil must be won,  
That dwell dark-brooding underneath the day.  
Not without sacrifice are they appeased ;  
Nor lives the man, who hath withdrawn his soul  
Unspotted, as he gave it, from their service.

MAX (*with emphasis*).

Beware ! beware these powers of evil ! They  
Are treacherous with their servants,—lying spirits,  
That lure thee onward to a precipice.  
Believe them not—I warn thee. O return  
Unto thy duty—Surely 'tis still possible.  
Send me to Vienna—Do it—Let me make  
Peace 'twixt the Emperor and thee—as yet  
He knows thee not, but I have known thee well—  
And he shall learn to see thee with mine eyes,  
And I will bring thee back his confidence.

WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late ; thou know'st not what is done.

MAX.

Were it too late—nay, were it even so late,  
That nought but crime could save thee from destruction,

Fall rather—nobly fall as thou hast stood—  
Resign thine office—Leave the scene—Thou may'st  
With glory, if thou canst with innocence :  
Enough thou hast lived for others ; now, at last,  
Live for thyself—I will be thy companion—  
My fate shall never be from thine divided.

## WALLENSTEIN.

It is too late. Even while thy words are wasted,  
Mile after mile the couriers leave behind,  
That bear my message on to Prague and Egra.  
Then yield at once. We act but as we must ;  
So let us do with dignity and firmness  
What must be done. What do I worse than he,  
The Roman Cæsar, whose imperial name  
The mightiest of earth's monarchs calls his own ?  
He too against his country led those legions,  
Which Rome had lent him for her own protection.  
Had he cast off his sword, he had been lost,  
As I should be, if I abandon'd mine.  
Some portion of his spirit lives in me ;  
Give me his fortune, I will bear the rest.

[MAX, *who, during this speech, has evinced the most painful agitation, goes out suddenly*—WALLENSTEIN *looks after him, astonished and confounded, then stands sunk in deep meditation.*]

## SCENE III.

WALLENSTEIN. TERZKY. *Afterwards* ILLO.

TERZKY.

Max Piccolomini but now hath left thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

Where is this Wrangel?

TERZKY.

Gone.

WALLENSTEIN.

So suddenly!

TERZKY.

It was as if the earth had swallow'd him.

Scarce had he left thy presence, when I follow'd.

Something I had to say to him, but he  
Was gone, and none could tell me how or whither.  
In faith, I think he must have been the devil,  
For mortal man could not have vanish'd so.

ILLO (*entering*).

Is't true that thou wilt send the old man forth?

TERZKY.

How so? Octavio? Whither would'st thou send him?

WALLENSTEIN.

He goes from hence to Frauenberg, to lead  
The Spanish and Italian regiments hither.

TERZKY.

Then, God forbid thou should'st fulfil thy purpose!

ILLO.

To intrust thine army to that false one's guidance,  
To let him thus go freely forth—even now,  
Now in the very moment of decision!

TERZKY.

Thou wilt not do it. Nay, by Heaven, thou wilt not!

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye are strange men.

ILLO.

O, yield thee once—but once

Unto our warning! Let him not depart!

WALLENSTEIN.

And wherefore should I not this once confide

In him, as I have ever done? Hath aught

Occurr'd that should unsettle mine opinion?

Must I, to please your humours, not mine own,

Give up my old and well-proved judgment of him?

Think me not such a woman. If till now

I have so trusted, I will trust him still.

TERZKY.

Must it be he alone? Send out another.

WALLENSTEIN.

It must be he, for I have read his soul.

The business suits him; therefore have I chosen him.

ILLO.

He's an Italian: Therefore is he chosen.

WALLENSTEIN.

I know full well ye are no friends to either;

Because I loved them, valued them, preferr'd them



Visibly, as they deserved, to you and others,  
Therefore they are an eyesore to your envy.  
What is your hate to me or to my purpose?  
I deem them not the worse because ye hate them—  
No, love or hate each other as ye will,  
I leave each man his thought and inclination,  
But well I know what each man's value is.

ILLO.

He shall not go—though I myself should break  
His carriage wheels.

WALLENSTEIN.

Illo, be calm, I tell thee.

TERZKY.

When Questenberg was here, th' Imperial envoy,  
They were for ever closetted together.

WALLENSTEIN.

'Twas with my knowledge and permission done.

TERZKY.]

That secret messages are sent him still  
From Gallas, *that* I know.

WALLENSTEIN.

Nay, that is false.

ILLO.

O, thou art blind, even with thine open eyes.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wilt not shake me from my fix'd belief,

On deep mysterious science firmly founded.

If he is false, then are the stars a lie :

For know, I have a pledge from Fate herself

He shall be found the truest of my friends.

ILLO.

Where is thy proof this pledge is not a lie ?

WALLENSTEIN.

There are some moments in the life of man,

When he is nearer to the SOUL o' the WORLD

Than wont, and holds free question with his fate.

Such was with me the well-remember'd hour,

When, in the night before the field of Lutzen,

Thoughtful I leant against a tree, and look'd

Forth on the plain. The watchfires of the camp

Burnt dimly through the vapours of the night ;

The din of arms, the sentry's hollow call,  
Monotonous, alone disturb'd the stillness.  
It seem'd, at once, as if my life's whole course  
The past, the present, and the future, glided  
Before the inner vision of the soul,  
And my prophetic spirit had united  
The latest past with the remotest future.

Then said I to myself—These countless thousands  
Are thine : It is thy star which leads them on.  
As on some mighty number, they have staked  
Their all upon thy single head, and clombe  
With thee into the vessel of thy fortunes.  
But yet a day will come when fate will scatter  
These hosts asunder, and when few, of all  
Whom thou hast trusted, will remain beside thee.  
Then let me know, who, at that hour, shall be  
My truest friend, of all this camp enfolds.  
Give me a token, Fate. It shall be he  
Who, on the coming morning, shall be first  
To meet me with some signal of affection.  
So musing, slumber on mine eyelids fell.

Into the heat of battle I was led  
Amidst my dreams. The throng was great. A shot  
Struck down my steed. I sank, and over me  
Horseman and horse held on their course, unheeding.  
Panting I lay, as if in death, beneath  
The thunder of their hoofs, all torn and trampled.  
But then a friendly arm laid hold upon me :  
It was OCTAVIO'S. Sudden I awoke :  
'Twas dawn ; and there OCTAVIO stood before me.  
" My brother, do not ride to-day," he said,  
" The dappled horse, as thou wert wont ; mount rather  
" The surer steed whom I have sought for thee.  
" Grant me this favour—'twas a dream that warn'd me."  
That horse's swiftness saved me in the fight  
From the pursuit of Bannier's dragoons.  
My cousin rode the dapple on that day—  
And horse and horseman saw I never more.

ILLO.

Yet that was but a chance.

WALLENSTEIN.

There is no chance ;

And what to us seems blindest accident,  
Springs from the deepest source of destiny.  
I have it seal'd and written, that that man  
Is my good angel.—So no more of this.

[ *Going.*

TERZKY.

My comfort is, that Max remains behind.

ILLO.

And never shall he stir from hence alive.

WALLENSTEIN (*stops and turns round*).

Are ye not even as women, who return  
Still obstinately to their first resolve,  
When men have reason'd with them hours in vain ?  
The deeds and thoughts of man, ye might have known,  
Are not like ocean's blindly-weltering billows ;  
The world within, his microcosm, must be  
The deep perennial fountain whence they flow.  
They spring as sure as fruits upon the tree ;  
No juggling chance can turn their course anew ;—  
He who hath tried the fountain, can foresee  
The current of man's will and actions too.

[ *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*Chamber in the residence of PICCOLOMINI.*

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI (*in his travelling dress*).

AN ADJUTANT.

OCTAVIO.

Where is the officer?

ADJUTANT.

He waits beneath.

OCTAVIO.

The soldiers may be trusted, Adjutant?—

Out of what regiment hast thou chosen them?

ADJUTANT.

They are of Tiefenbach's.

OCTAVIO.

That regiment's loyal;

Let them remain in silence in the court,

Unseen of all, until they hear me ring ;  
Then close the doors up, let the house be watch'd,  
And all they meet be instantly arrested.

[*Adjutant goes out.*]

In truth, I hope I shall not need their service,  
For of my plans I hold myself secure ;  
But now an empire's safety is at stake,  
And better too much foresight than too little.

## SCENE V.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. ISOLANI.

ISOLANI.

Here am I—Well, who else is yet to come ?

OCTAVIO (*mysteriously*).

But first a word with thee, Count Isolani.

ISOLANI (*mysteriously*).

Ha ! will it burst ?—and will the Duke attempt it ?

I may be trusted,—put me to the proof.

OCTAVIO.

That may be done.

ISOLANI.

Know, brother, I am not

One of those boasters who are bold in words,

And when it comes to deeds are ever wanting.

The Duke has acted as a friend to me—

Heaven knows he has!—I owe him all—He may

Rely upon my truth.

OCTAVIO.

That will be seen.

ISOLANI.

Consider, too, all do not think as I do :

Many there are among us who still lean

To the Court, and think that this late bond of ours,

Which they have stolen from us, cannot be binding.

OCTAVIO.

So ?—Canst thou tell me who they are who think this ?

ISOLANI.

Plague on them ! All the Germans to a man,



And Esterhazy, Kaunitz, Deodati,  
Loudly declare we must obey the court.

OCTAVIO.

I am glad on't.

ISOLANI.

Glad on't?

OCTAVIO.

That the Emperor still  
Can boast such faithful friends and able servants.

ISOLANI.

Nay, do not jest—they are not evil men.

OCTAVIO.

No, doubtless—God forbid that I should jest;  
I am glad at heart to see that the good cause  
Is yet so strong.

ISOLANI.

The devil! how is this?

And thou art not—Then wherefore am I here?

OCTAVIO.

To speak at once fairly and fully out,  
If thou wilt be the Emperor's friend or foe.

ISOLANI (*with a look of defiance*).

That explanation I shall give to him  
Alone, who hath the right to put the question.

OCTAVIO.

Then let this writing tell if I am he.

ISOLANI.

How?—What?—This is the Emperor's hand and seal.

[*Reads.*

" Let the united leaders of our army,

" As they regard our royal mandate, trust

" Lieutenant-General Piccolomini

" Even as ourself."—Hm!—Yes—I see 'tis so ;

I do congratulate the General——

OCTAVIO (*interrupting him*).

And wilt obey the order ? .

ISOLANI (*hesitating*).

I—thou hast

Surprised me unawares—Thou wilt allow me

Time to reflect, I hope ?

OCTAVIO.

Two minutes only.

ISOLANI.

My God ! and yet the case is——

OCTAVIO.

Clear and simple.

'Tis but to say if thou wilt see the Emperor  
Betray'd—or be his faithful soldier still.

ISOLANI.

Betray'd !—My God ! who speaks of treachery ?

OCTAVIO.

Thus stands the case—The Prince hath turn'd a traitor,

And to the enemy would lead us over.

Say then at once—wilt thou forsake the Emperor,  
And sell thyself unto the foe—wilt thou ?

ISOLANI.

What mean'st thou ?—*I* forsake the Emperor's majesty !—

Have I said so ?—When did I ever say so ?

OCTAVIO.

As yet thou hast not said thou wilt—not yet—  
I pause to hear if thou wilt say so now.

ISOLANI.

In truth, it gives me joy, that thou thyself  
Dost testify for me, I never said so.

OCTAVIO.

Then thou wilt leave the service of the Prince ?

ISOLANI.

If he's a traitor—treachery bursts all bands.

OCTAVIO.

And hold thyself prepared to fight against him ?

ISOLANI.

He hath been my friend ; but if he prove a villain,  
A curse upon him !—our account is cancell'd.

OCTAVIO.

It glads me thou hast chosen the better part.  
To-night, in silence break thou off, with all  
The lighter troops ; it must appear, as if  
The order from the Duke himself proceeded.  
Our place of meeting is at Frauenberg ;  
Count Gallas there will give thee farther orders.

ISOLANI.

It shall be done ;—but fail not to report  
To th' Emperor, how ready thou hast found me.

OCTAVIO.

I shall report it.

[ISOLANI goes out as a *Servant enters*.

Colonel Buttler?—good.—

ISOLANI (*returning*).

Forgive me, too, my rude unmanner'd bearing.  
How could I know the high and mighty person  
I had before me?

OCTAVIO.

Let that rest in peace.

ISOLANI.

I am a jovial fellow. If at times  
Some rude and hasty word about the court  
Escaped me in the merriment of wine,  
Thou know'st there was no evil meant.

[*Goes out.*

OCTAVIO.

Take thou

No heed of it.—So! that is over. Fortune  
Be but as favourable with the rest.

SCENE VI.

OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI. BUTTLER.

BUTTLER.

Lieutenant-General, I wait your orders.

OCTAVIO.

And thou art welcome, as an honour'd guest  
And friend.

BUTTLER.

The honour is too great for me.

OCTAVIO (*after both have seated themselves*).

Thou hast not with like mind repaid the tokens  
Of kindness which I show'd thee yesterday.  
Perchance they seem'd but hollow forms—Not so—  
The wish came from my heart ; the words were utter'd  
In earnest with thee—for the time is come  
That bids the good stand firmly by each other.

BUTTLER.

Those who are like in mind alone can do so.

OCTAVIO.

And all the good, methinks, must be like-minded.

I judge man only by those acts, to which

The settled current of his character

Impels him ; not those blind mistakes, that oft

Sway even the purest from the path of right.

Thy journey lay through Frauenberg. Did Gallas

Say *nothing* to thee ? Speak—he is my friend.

BUTTLER.

He may have spoken, but his words were wasted.

OCTAVIO.

That gives me pain, for his advice was good ;

Even such a one I would have given thee too.

BUTTLER.

Then spare thyself the task, and me the pain,

So coldly to refuse so kind an offer.

OCTAVIO.

The time is precious, let us speak with plainness.

Thou know'st the state of all things here—The Duke

Is plotting treachery—Nay, more—it is  
Already done. Within these few short hours  
The Swedish league hath been arranged—already  
The couriers bear the news to Prague and Egra—  
To-morrow leads us over to the Swede.  
But he deceives himself, for prudence wakes ;  
True friends to the Emperor still are here, fast bound  
In strong although invisible alliance.  
This sentence places him beneath the Ban,  
Sets loose the army from its oath of duty,  
And calls upon the good and loyal-hearted,  
To range themselves in haste beneath my banner.  
Then choose with me the better part, or share  
With him the evil fortune of the evil.

BUTTLER.

His lot is mine.

OCTAVIO.

And this is then your last

Resolve ?

BUTTLER.

It is.



OCTAVIO.

Bethink thee, Colonel Buttler,  
Yet there is time. In my true breast remains  
The rashly-spoken word for ever buried.  
O yet repent thee—Choose a better course,  
For evil is the path which thou hast taken.

BUTTLER.

Hast thou no further orders, General?

OCTAVIO.

O look on these white hairs!—Recall it yet

BUTTLER.

Farewell!

OCTAVIO.

What, shall that tried and honour'd sword  
Be drawn in *such* a quarrel? Wilt thou change  
Those thanks to curses, which the faithful service  
Of forty years hath earn'd from Austria?

BUTTLER (*laughing bitterly*).

Thanks from the house of Austria!

[*Going.*

OCTAVIO (*allows him to proceed to the door, then calls*).

Buttler !

BUTTLER.

Well ?

OCTAVIO.

How was it with the Count ?

BUTTLER.

The Count ?—what meanest thou ?

OCTAVIO.

I mean the Countship.

BUTTLER (*with a burst of passion*).

Death and the Devil !

OCTAVIO (*coldly*).

You sought that dignity—it was denied.

BUTTLER.

Not tamely shalt thou thus insult me—Draw !

OCTAVIO.

Stay—Tell me calmly how it was, and then

The satisfaction which thou seek'st is thine.

BUTTLER.

Let all the world be witness to the weakness,

For which I never can forgive myself.

Yes, General, I confess I am ambitious,

The burden of contempt I could not bear.

It grieved my heart to see that birth and title

Stood higher with the army than true service.

I wish'd to seem no meaner than my fellows,

So, in an evil hour, I was allured

To make the rash request. 'Twas folly—madness—

But yet the penance overpaid the crime.

They might refuse; but why should the refusal,

With pitiless contempt, be made more pointed?

Why, with the crushing heel of scorn, beat down

The aged man, the tried and trusty servant,

So rudely of his low descent remind him,

Who for a moment had forgot himself?

But nature gave the very worm a sting,

When trampled on by man, to turn again.

OCTAVIO.

Thou must have been traduced. Canst thou not guess

The foe that might have done thee that ill service?

BUTTLER.

Let him be who he may—Some abject slave,  
Some Spaniard must he be, some courtly minion,  
Some young descendant of an ancient house,  
Whose light I darken'd ; some base, envious knave,  
That grieved to see my self-procured promotion.

OCTAVIO.

Say, did the Duke approve of thy demand ?

BUTTLER.

Himself impell'd me to the step, and labour'd  
With noble friendly warmth to aid my cause.

OCTAVIO.

So ! thou art sure of that ?

BUTTLER.

I read the letter.

OCTAVIO (*with emphasis*).

And so have I : but its contents were different.

[BUTTLER *draws back surprised*.

By chance I have the letter in possession,  
And by the sight of it I can convince thee.

[ *Gives him the letter.*

BUTTLER.

Ha! what is this?

OCTAVIO.

I fear me, Colonel Butler,  
The Duke hath play'd a shameful game with thee.  
The Duke advised thee to the step, thou sayest?  
Yet here, thou see'st, he speaks of thee with scorn  
To the Minister, and counsels him to punish,  
As he is pleased to call it, thy presumption.—

[BUTTLER reads the letter—his knees tremble—  
he lays hold of a chair and sits down.

No foe pursues thee; none would do thee evil;  
Unto the Duke alone thou owest the insult  
Thou hast received. His purpose is too plain.  
He would withdraw thee from the Emperor:  
He hoped, from thy revenge, to gain that aid  
Which thy well-proved fidelity had never  
Allow'd him even to hope, on calm reflection.  
He meant thee for the base and blinded instrument,  
The puppet of his desperate purposes.  
Nor hath he fail'd. Too well he hath contrived

To lure thee from the path of right, wherein,  
For forty years, thou hast trod with truth and honour.

BUTTLE (his voice faltering).

And can the Emperor's Majesty forgive me?

OCTAVIO.

Nay more: He would atone for the offence  
Unworthily inflicted on the worthy.  
Of his free will he doth confirm the gift  
The Duke hath made thee for an evil purpose.  
Buttler, the regiment thou command'st is thine.

[BUTTLE *endeavours to rise, but sinks back—  
his breast labours strongly—he attempts to  
speak, and cannot—at last he takes his sword  
silently from its belt, and delivers it to PICCO-  
LOMINI.*

OCTAVIO.

What would'st thou? Calm thee.

BUTTLE.

Take it.

OCTAVIO.

Why? Bethink thee.

BUTTLER.

Take it. I am unworthy of it now.

OCTAVIO.

Receive it back again from me, and bear it  
Henceforth with honour in the cause of right.

BUTTLER.

And I was faithless to this gracious Emperor!

OCTAVIO.

Atone for it. Haste thee to leave the Duke.

BUTTLER.

To leave the Duke!

OCTAVIO.

How? Dost thou hesitate?

BUTTLER.

To leave him only? O! he shall not live.

OCTAVIO.

Follow to Frauenberg, where all the faithful,  
With Gallas and with Altringer, assemble.  
Many besides thee have I brought already  
Back to their faith—to-night they fly from Pilsen.

BUTTLER (*moving up and down in extreme agitation, pauses opposite to PICCOLOMINI with a look of determination*).

Count Piccolomini, may that man dare  
To speak of honour, who has broke his faith?

OCTAVIO.

He who so deeply doth repent it, may.

BUTTLER.

Then leave me here, upon my pledge.

OCTAVIO.

What meanest thou?

BUTTLER.

Permit me with my regiment to remain.

OCTAVIO.

I dare confide in thee. But yet, what would'st thou?

BUTTLER.

The deed will show. Ask me no farther now.

Trust me: Thou may'st. By God! thou leav'st him not

In his good angel's hands; and now farewell.

[ *Goes out.*



*Servant brings a letter.*

An unknown person brought it, and is gone.

The horses of the Prince beneath are waiting.

OCTAVIO (*reads*).

“Haste to depart. Thy trusty Isolani.”—

O, would this treacherous town lay far behind me!

So near the harbour, shall our bark be shatter’d?

Forth! forth!—here is no more security

For me. But why, and where delays my son?

## SCENE VII.

OCTAVIO. MAX PICCOLOMINI.

*MAX enters in the strongest agitation—his eyes roll wildly—his walk is unsteady—he seems not to perceive his Father, who stands at a distance, and looks upon him compassionately—he paces the chamber with large strides—stops suddenly, and*

*throws himself into a chair, staring fixedly out before him.*

OCTAVIO (*approaching*).

I go, my son.

[*Receiving no answer, takes him by the hand.*

My son, farewell.

MAX.

Farewell.

OCTAVIO.

Then thou wilt follow straight?

MAX.

*I follow thee?*

Thy way is crooked, mine was never so.

[OCTAVIO *drops his hand, and draws back.*

O, hadst thou been but fair and true, it never

Had come to this, all had been otherwise.

The fearful deed had ne'er been done ; the powers

Of Heaven had held dominion over him ;

Into the snares of hell he had not fall'n.

Why with such secret, cunning, lurking tread,

Steal like a thief, or like a thief's accomplice ?

Unhappy Falsehood—mother of all ills,  
Bearer of sorrow—thou hast been our ruin !  
Sincerity, the strong support that props  
The world, would have preserv'd us all. O, father,  
I cannot clear thee of the blame. I cannot.  
The Duke hath sadly, fearfully deceiv'd me ;  
Alas ! thine actions have been scarcely better.

OCTAVIO.

My son, I pity and forgive thine anguish.

MAX (*rises, and regards him with a look of doubt*).

Wer't possible ! Father, father ! if thou *couldst*  
With settled purpose to this precipice  
Have led him on—His fall would be thy rising.  
I like not that, Octavio.

OCTAVIO.

God of heaven !

MAX.

O, woe is me, for I have changed my nature !  
How comes suspicion in a soul like mine ?  
Belief, and confidence, and hope, are gone ;  
All have deceiv'd me that I prized the dearest.

No, no ; not all : For she still lives to me,  
And she is pure and spotless as the sky.  
Deceit is all around, hypocrisy,  
Murder and poison, envy, treachery—  
Our love alone stands pure and unpolluted,  
Of all beneath the circuit of the sun.

OCTAVIO.

Max, follow me—it is the better course.

MAX.

What ? ere I bid farewell to her I love ?  
The last—O, never—never !

OCTAVIO.

Spare thyself

The needless pang that must attend on parting.  
Come with me—come.

MAX.

No ! by the living God !

OCTAVIO (*pressingly*).

Come with me, I command thee : I, thy father.

MAX.

Command me what is human. I remain.

OCTAVIO.

Max, in the name of th' Emperor, follow me.

MAX.

No Emperor's mandate can control the heart.  
What, would'st thou take from me the last sad solace  
Misfortune yet hath left me, her compassion?  
Must fearful things be fearfully perform'd?  
Shall that which is immutable be done  
Ingloriously? Shall I, with coward flight,  
Steal like a guilty being from her presence?  
No! she shall see my passion and my pangs,  
Hear the loud wailing of my tortured heart,  
And weep to see me weep. O, men are savage  
And terrible, but she is as an angel.  
She from the maddening grasp of fierce despair  
Will save my spirit, and this pang of death  
Allay with soft consoling words of heaven.

OCTAVIO.

Thou wilt not tear thyself away? thou canst not.  
O! follow me, my son, and save thy virtue!

MAX.

Waste not thy words in vain on me : I follow  
Where the heart calls me, for I dare to trust it.

OCTAVIO (*agitated and trembling*).

Max ! Max ! if that tremendous hour should come !  
If thou, my son, mine own blood,—scarcely dare  
I think of it,—should'st sell thyself to be  
A partner in these shameful deeds, and stamp  
This baleful brand upon our house's honour—  
Then shall the world behold a sight of horror ;—  
When the son's sword shall with the father's blood  
Drip ghastly, dyed in parricidal battle.

MAX.

O, father ! hadst thou ever better thought  
Of men, thou would'st have better acted too.  
Accurs'd suspicion—miserable doubt !  
For these there is no truth, no certainty—  
All nature totters when belief is gone.

OCTAVIO.

If I should trust thy heart, how know'st thou, whether  
Thou hast the strength to follow where it calls ?

MAX.

*Thou* hadst no power to stay my heart's decision ;  
As little can the Duke control its voice.

OCTAVIO.

O, Max ! I never shall behold thee more.

MAX.

Unworthy of thee, thou shalt ne'er behold me.

OCTAVIO.

I go to Frauenberg. The Pappenheimers  
I leave with thee, and Lothringen, Toscana,  
And Tiefenbach,\* remain here to protect thee.  
They love thee—they are loyal to their oath,  
And rather would they, boldly fighting, fall,  
Than leave their leader, or survive their honour.

MAX.

Be sure of this—that I shall perish with them  
Here on the spot, or lead them safe from Pilsen.

---

\* The regiments of Lorraine, Tuscany, and Tiefenbach.

OCTAVIO (*rising*).

My son, farewell !

MAX.

Farewell !

OCTAVIO.

How ! not *one* look

Of love—no parting pressure of the hand ?

It is a bloody strife to which we go,

And, darkly veil'd, uncertain is its issue.

Thus were we never wont of old to part—

Is't come to this ?—Have I no more a son ?

[*MAX falls into his arms. They remain for some time silently clasped in each other's arms, then exeunt on different sides.*]

END OF ACT SECOND.



## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*An apartment in the residence of the DUCHESS of  
FRIEDLAND.*

COUNTESS TERZKY—THEKLA—FRAULEIN  
NEUBRUNN.

*The two last employed in female labours.*

COUNTESS.

Hast thou no questions for me, Thekla?—None?  
Long have I waited for a word from thee:  
Canst thou indeed endure so dire a penance,  
Not once in this long time to speak his name?  
Or hast thou deem'd my services were needless,  
And found another messenger than me?—  
Come, tell me, niece, when didst thou see him last?

THEKLA.

To-day and yesterday I have not seen him.

COUNTESS.

Nor heard from him?—Conceal it not from me.

THEKLA.

Nor heard from him.

COUNTESS.

And yet so calm?

THEKLA.

Even so.

COUNTESS.

Leave us, Neubrunn.

## SCENE II.

COUNTESS—THEKLA.

COUNTESS.

I like not this, that he  
Should be so distant and reserv'd even now.

THEKLA.

And why even now ?

COUNTESS.

When all is known to him,  
Now was the time to manifest himself.

THEKLA.

Speak plainer, if thou'dst have me understand thee.

COUNTESS.

'Twas with this purpose I dismiss'd *her*.—Thekla,  
Thou art no more a child ; thy heart is now  
Of age, for thou hast loved, and fortitude  
Attends on love,—thou hast given proof of thine.  
There is more in thee of thy father's spirit,  
Than of thy mother's ; therefore thou may'st hear  
What she hath not the strength of mind to bear.

THEKLA.

I pr'ythee end this note of preparation ;  
O ! be it what it may, but speak it out !  
It cannot be more painful than this prologue :  
What hast thou then to tell me, speak it shortly.

COUNTESS.

Be not affrighted then.

THEKLA.

Say on, say on!

COUNTESS.

'Tis in thy power to render to thy father  
A mighty service.

THEKLA.

In *my* power?—What can I?

COUNTESS.

Max Piccolomini loves thee, and thou may'st  
Indissolubly bind him to thy father.

THEKLA.

What need of me?—Is he not so already?

COUNTESS.

He was.

THEKLA.

Why should he not be so even now,  
And ever more?

COUNTESS.

He clings to th' Emperor too.

THEKLA.

No more save what his duty and his honour  
Demand of him.

COUNTESS.

We ask for proofs of love,  
And not of honour now. Duty and honour!—  
These are deep-meaning names of doubtful import.  
Thou shalt explain their meaning to him :—Love  
Shall be interpreter to honour.

THEKLA.

How?

COUNTESS.

He shall renounce the Emperor—or thee.

THEKLA.

He will accompany my father gladly  
To privacy. Thou hast heard it from himself,  
How much he longs to lay aside his weapons.

COUNTESS.

We ask him not to lay aside his weapons,  
But wield them for thy father.

THEKLA.

Yes! his blood,  
His life, would he right gladly for my father  
Pour out, if evil fortune should assail him.

COUNTESS.

Thou *wilt* not understand me. Listen then :  
Thy father hath revolted from the Emperor,  
And would unite himself unto the foe  
With all his army.

THEKLA.

Woe is me! my mother!

COUNTESS.

A great example is required to draw  
The army after him. The Piccolomini  
Stand high i' the army's favour; they command  
Opinion, and decisive is their lead.  
We may secure the father through the son.  
Much lies with thee.

THEKLA.

My miserable mother!  
What death-blow waits thee! She will ne'er survive it.

COUNTESS.

Yes, she will yield her to necessity.  
I know her well : The doubtful and the distant  
Alarms her, but the unavoidable  
And present ill she bears with resignation.

THEKLA.

O, my foreboding soul ! I feel it now,  
The icy-cold terrific hand, that comes  
To wither up the harvest of my hopes.  
I knew it well. O, when I enter'd here,  
A dark presentiment too truly told me,  
That, o'er my head, the stars of evil stood !—  
But wherefore is my first thought of myself—  
My mother !—my poor mother !

COUNTESS.

Calm thyself ;

Yield not to idle wailing. If thy father  
Preserves his friend, and thou restrain'st thy lover,  
All may be well and happy, even now.

THEKLA.

Well ! say'st thou—well !—We are for ever parted.

Alas ! the time for happiness is by.

COUNTESS.

He will not—cannot leave thee.

THEKLA.

Hapless Max !

COUNTESS.

If he doth truly love thee, his resolve

Will soon be taken.

THEKLA.

His resolve *will* soon

Be taken ; doubt not that. Resolve ! and is there

Room for resolve here ?

COUNTESS.

Hush ! I hear thy mother

Approach.

THEKLA.

How can I bear to look upon her !

COUNTESS.

Be calm, be calm



## SCENE III.

*The same. The DUCHESS.*

DUCHESS.

Sister, who was here?

I heard an earnest talking.

COUNTESS.

No one, sister.

DUCHESS.

I am so fearful. Every rustle seems  
The footstep of an evil messenger.  
Speak, sister, tell me how it is. Will he  
Yield to the Emperor's order? Will he send  
The cavalry t' escort the Cardinal?  
Hath he with some more favourable answer  
Dismiss'd this Questenberg?

COUNTESS.

That hath he *not*.

DUCHESS.

Then all is o'er. I see the worst is nigh:  
They will depose him. All will be again  
Even as it was at Ratisbon.

COUNTESS.

It will not  
Be so—not *this* time: Be assured of that.

DUCHESS.

O, man, unbending and untameable!  
Ah me! what sorrows have I not endured  
In this unhappy marriage band! My life  
With him was but a life of pain and terror.  
Fast bound I seem'd, as to some fiery wheel,  
That rapid, restless, and eternal roll'd,  
And ever by some yawning precipice,  
With giddy, ghastly motion, whirl'd me on.  
Nay, do not weep, my child. Let not my sorrows  
Be unto thee as things of evil omen;  
To dull the brighter prospects that await thee.  
There lives no second Friedland: thou, my daughter,  
Hast not thy mother's destiny to fear.

## THEKLA.

O, dearest mother, let us fly from hence,  
Fly fast and far—here is no home for us.  
Here every passing hour that knells, calls up  
Some new and monstrous image to affright us.

## DUCHESS.

Thy lot will be a calmer one. We too,  
I and thy father, once knew happy days.  
On our first years I think with pleasure still.  
Then was his young ambition but a mild  
And cheering fire, not a devouring flame.  
And then the Emperor loved him, trusted him—  
All that he undertook, with him succeeded ;  
But since the evil day of Ratisbon,  
Which from his height so sudden struck him down,  
Hath some unsteady and unsocial spirit,  
Suspicious, dark, descended on his soul,  
His peace of mind hath fled ; no more confiding  
In his own strength, or in his ancient fortune,  
He hath turn'd to those dark arts which never yet  
Brought peace or pleasure to their votaries.

COUNTESS.

I know thou look'st upon it thus. But is it  
With such a greeting that we should receive him?  
He will be here anon, thou know'st, and shall he  
Find *her* in this condition?

DUCHESS.

Come, my child,  
Dry up those tears of thine. Show to thy father  
A cheerful countenance. See here, this loop  
Is loose—these locks must be bound up anew.  
Come, dry these melancholy tears, they dim  
Thy gentle eye.—What shall I say to her?—  
Dear child, this Piccolomini is, in truth,  
A worthy and deserving nobleman.

COUNTESS.

He is so, sister.

THEKLA (*with agitation, to the COUNTESS*).

Aunt, thou wilt pardon me.

[ *Going.*

COUNTESS.

And whither would'st thou go? Thy father comes.

THEKLA.

I cannot see him now.

COUNTESS.

He will perceive

Thine absence, will inquire for thee.

DUCHESS.

Why goes she?

THEKLA.

Indeed I cannot bear to see him now.

COUNTESS (*to the DUCHESS.*)

She is not well.

DUCHESS (*with anxiety*).

What ails my dearest child?

[*Both follow the PRINCESS, endeavouring to detain her. WALLENSTEIN appears, in conversation with ILLO.*]

## SCENE IV.

*The same.* WALLENSTEIN. ILLO.

WALLENSTEIN.

Is all at rest within the camp?

ILLO.

All's quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

In a few hours the tidings may arrive  
From Prague, to say the city is our own.  
Then may we throw the mask aside at once,  
And let the troops, at the same instant, know  
The attempt and its success. Example is  
Omnipotent in moments such as these.  
Man is an imitative creature still,  
And he who moves the foremost leads the herd.  
The troops in Prague know nothing, save that here  
In Pilsen they have sworn allegiance to us,

And here in Pilsen shall they swear to us,  
Because the troops in Prague have set th' example.  
Buttler, thou say'st, has now declared himself?

ILLO.

Of his free will, unask'd, he came to offer  
Himself and his whole regiment to thy service.

WALLENSTEIN.

Not every voice, I find, can be believed,  
Whose warning seems to echo through the heart.  
Oft, to ensnare us, does a lying spirit  
Too closely counterfeit the voice of truth,  
And utter forth deceitful oracles.  
Thus have I, to this brave and worthy man,  
This Buttler, done a silent secret wrong ;  
For ever in his presence some sensation  
Indefinite and uncontrollable—  
I would not call it fear—came over me,  
And stifled every movement of affection ;  
And yet this man, 'gainst whom my spirit warn'd me,  
Is first to offer me a pledge of fortune.

ILLO.

And his high-prized example, doubt it not,  
Will win the best i' the army to thy side.

WALLENSTEIN.

Now, go, and send me Isolani hither ;  
I have but lately bound him to my side ;  
With him I will begin th' attempt.—Go, Illo.

[ILLO goes out while the others advance.]

And see ! the mother, with her darling daughter !  
For once we shall repose from business.—Come,  
My heart hath long'd to spend a cheerful hour  
In the dear circle of mine own.

COUNTESS.

O, brother,

'Tis long since we have been together so.

WALLENSTEIN (*aside to the COUNTESS*).

Think'st thou she is prepared for't ?—Can she bear it ?

COUNTESS (*aside*).

Not yet.

WALLENSTEIN (*to THEKLA*).

Come hither, maiden—Place thyself beside me.



There hangs a gentle spirit on thy lips ;  
Thy mother oft hath praised to me thy powers  
Of music ; and methinks a tender voice  
Of melody resides in thee, that may  
Enchant the soul—and such a voice I need  
Even now, to drive the evil spirit forth,  
That flaps above my head his dusky wing.

DUCHESS.

Where's thy guitar ? Come, Thekla, give thy father  
A token of thine art.

THEKLA.

O mother ! mother !

DUCHESS.

Come, Thekla, come, and cheer thy father's heart.

THEKLA.

I cannot, mother.

COUNTESS.

How, niece ? What is this ?

THEKLA (*aside to the COUNTESS*).

O spare me—to sing *now*,—amidst these pangs

Of my o'erladen soul—to sing before *him*,  
Who soon will drive my mother to her grave !

DUCHESS.

Thekla, how's this ? Shall thy indulgent father  
Express a wish in vain ?

COUNTESS.

Here's the guitar.

THEKLA.

O Heaven ! how can I ?

*[Holds the instrument with trembling hand—her bosom labours with agitation ; and at the moment when she is about to commence singing, she shudders, throws the instrument down, and goes out abruptly.]*

DUCHESS.

She is ill, my child !

WALLENSTEIN.

What ails the girl ? Is it her wont to be so ?

COUNTESS.

Since she herself betrays the secret, I  
Will not conceal it longer.

WALLENSTEIN.

How ?

COUNTESS.

She loves him.

WALLENSTEIN.

Loves *him* ! Loves whom ?

COUNTESS.

Max Piccolomini.

Hast thou not mark'd it ?—Nor my sister neither ?

DUCHESS.

Oh ! were it that that hangs upon her heart !—  
Heaven's blessing on my child ! she need not blush  
To own her choice.

COUNTESS.

*That* journey ! If in truth  
Thou meant'st not this, impute it to thyself ;  
Thou should'st have chosen another guide for her.

WALLENSTEIN.

Knows *he* of this ?

COUNTESS.

He does, and hopes to gain her.

WALLENSTEIN.

He hopes to gain her ! Is the youth distracted ?

COUNTESS.

That she herself could hear this !

WALLENSTEIN.

Friedland's daughter

He hopes to gain ! The fancy pleases me :

By Heaven, he thinks not meanly of his merits !

COUNTESS.

As thou hast ever been so much his friend,

So—

WALLENSTEIN.

—Therefore would he be my heir at last ?

I love him—I esteem him—true—But yet

What with my daughter's hand hath that to do ?

Is it with daughters, with our only children,

We testify our favour or our friendship ?

DUCHESS.

His elevated mind and gentle bearing—

WALLENSTEIN.

Gain him my heart, but not my daughter's hand.

DUCHESS.

His rank and ancestry,—

WALLENSTEIN.

His ancestry !

He is a subject—and my son-in-law,

Will I seek out among the thrones of Europe.

DUCHESS.

O ! dearest husband, let us not aspire

Too high, that we may 'scape the deeper fall.

WALLENSTEIN.

Was it for this I labour'd on through life

To rise so high, and o'er the common heads

Of men look out exalted,—thus at last

To close the mighty pageant of my life

With some obscure alliance—Was't for this ?—

*[Suddenly pausing, and with a tone  
of more composure.*

She is the only one that yet remains

To me on earth ; and I will see a crown

Upon her head, or die to place it there.

Yes !—all—all do I put to hazard, now

To make her great. Even while we speak—

[*Recollecting himself.*] And shall

I play the fond and doting father here,  
And join their hands because they love each other?  
And shall I do so now, even now, when I  
Would crown the work I have completed?—No!  
She is to me a prized and hoarded gem,  
The last and dearest coin of all my treasure;  
And to no meaner purchaser will I  
Yield that which is mine all, than to a king.

DUCHESS.

Alas, my husband!—thou dost build and build  
Even to the clouds—build ever on and on—  
And think'st not that the weak and narrow base  
Can never bear the giddy tottering tower.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the COUNTESS*).

Hast thou announced to her what residence  
Is fix'd for her?

COUNTESS.

Not yet—do thou disclose it.

DUCHESS.

How? Go we not back then to Carinthia?

WALLENSTEIN.

Not now.

DUCHESS.

Nor any of thy castles?

WALLENSTEIN.

No ;

Ye would not there be safe.

DUCHESS.

Not safe ?—within

The empire ?—under the Emperor's protection ?

WALLENSTEIN.

The wife of Friedland hath not that to hope for.

DUCHESS.

O God ! and hath the evil come to this ?

WALLENSTEIN.

In Holland ye will find security.

DUCHESS.

How ?

Would'st thou then send us to a Lutheran realm ?—

To shelter there ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Duke Franz of Lauenberg

Will be your escort.

DUCHESS.

Lauenberg, say'st thou ?

What—he the Swedes' ally, the Emperor's foe ?

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor's foes are now no longer mine.

DUCHESS (*looking on the DUKE and COUNTESS  
with horror*).

Then, it is true—'tis so ?—And thou hast fall'n ?

Thou art deposed from the command ?—O God  
In heaven !—

COUNTESS (*aside to the DUKE*).

Let her remain in that belief ;

Thou see'st she cannot bear to hear the truth.



## SCENE V.

*The same.* COUNT TERZKY.

COUNTESS.

Terzky, what is it? Why that face of fear,  
As if thou hadst seen a spectre?

TERZKY (*leading the DUKE aside*).

Was it by

Thine order that the Croats left the camp?

WALLENSTEIN.

I know of none.

TERZKY.

We are betray'd!

WALLENSTEIN.

How so?

TERZKY.

They are forth to-night, and so are the Chasseurs,  
And all the villages around are empty.

WALLENSTEIN.

And Isolani ?

TERZKY.

Him thou hast sent out.

WALLENSTEIN.

*I send him !*

TERZKY.

What ? thou hast not sent him forth ?

Nor Deodati neither ?—Both are gone.

SCENE VI.

*The same.* ILLO.

ILLO.

Has Terzky told thee ?—

TERZKY.

He knows all already.

ILLO.

And that Maradas, Esterhazy, Goetz,

Colalto, Kaunitz, have forsaken thee ?

TERZKY.

Damnation !

WALLENSTEIN.

Hush !—

COUNTESS (*who has observed them with anxiety,  
comes forward*).

What is it ?—what has happen'd ?

WALLENSTEIN (*attempting to break off*).

'Tis nothing—let us go.

TERZKY (*following*).

Nothing, Theresa.

COUNTESS.

How ? Nothing ?—See I not that the life's blood  
Hath faded from your pale and ghost-like cheeks,  
That even my brother doth but feign composure ?

PAGE.

An Adjutant inquires for the Count Terzky.

[TERZKY *follows the PAGE*.WALLENSTEIN (*to ILLO.*)

Hear what he brings. It could not thus have happen'd

So secretly, without confederacy.—

Who watches at the gate?

ILLO.

'Tis Tiefenbach.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let Tiefenbach be instantly dismiss'd,

And Terzky's grenadiers mount guard—And stay,

What news of Buttler?

ILLO.

Him I met; he will

Be here anon. He still holds fast to thee.

[*ILLO goes out. WALLENSTEIN is about to follow him.*]

COUNTESS (*to the DUCHESS*).

O, sister, let him not go forth—Retain him.

Some sad misfortune.

DUCHESS.

Mighty God! what is it?

[*Laying hold of him.*]

WALLENSTEIN (*disengaging himself*).

Be calm, and leave me. Sister—Dearest wife,

We are in the camp—'Tis nothing else, believe me—  
Here storm and sunshine chase each other on.  
Not lightly are these stubborn spirits bow'd,  
And rest comes never nigh the leader's head.  
Go ye—if I remain : For evil sounds  
The wail of women in man's hour of action.

[*About to go.* TERZKY *returns.*

TERZKY.

Stay—From this window we can see what passes.

WALLENSTEIN.

Go, sister.

COUNTESS.

Never!

WALLENSTEIN.

I will have it so.

TERZKY (*taking her aside, with a significant glance  
at the DUCHESS*).

Theresa!

DUCHESS.

Come, since he enjoins it, sister.

## SCENE VII.

WALLENSTEIN. COUNT TERZKY.

WALLENSTEIN (*moving to the window*).

What is the matter?

TERZKY.

There is a sudden motion and a muster  
Among the troops: No one can tell the cause;  
But in a solemn and portentous silence  
Each band arrays itself beneath its banners.  
The troops of Tiefenbach look frowningly,  
And all, save the Walloons alone, who stand  
Apart within their camp, admitting none,  
Firm planted on their post, as they are wont.

WALLENSTEIN.

Has Piccolomini appear'd among them?

TERZKY.

We have sought him: He is nowhere to be found.

WALLENSTEIN.

What was the message of the adjutant?

TERZKY.

My regiments sent him hither. They have sworn  
Allegiance to thee once again, and wait  
With warlike eagerness the battle's signal.

WALLENSTEIN.

But how comes this commotion in the camp?  
All should have been a secret to the army,  
Till fortune had in Prague declared for us.

TERZKY.

O! hadst thou but believ'd me! Yesternight  
I did conjure thee not to let that fox,  
Octavio, from the camp—and yet thou would'st  
Even lend him thine own horses for his flight.

WALLENSTEIN.

Still the old tale. Now once—and once for all—  
No more, I say, of that absurd suspicion.

TERZKY.

This Isolani thou hast trusted too,  
And yet he was the foremost to forsake thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

I drew him yesterday from beggary :  
But let him go, I look'd not for *his* thanks.

TERZKY.

Ay ! thou wilt find them, one and all, alike.

WALLENSTEIN.

And shall I blame him that he leaves me now ?  
He doth but follow the divinity  
Whom, at the gaming table, he hath served  
Faithful through life. 'Twas with my fortunes only  
His bond was made and broken, not with me ;  
For what was he to me, or I to him,  
More than the ship on which his hopes were freighted,  
With which he gladly sail'd the sea of life  
While all was calm ? but now he sees it strike  
Among the rocks, and strives to save his store.  
Light as the bird from off the falling bough,  
Where he had nestled, he flies off from me—  
No human ties are burst between us twain.  
Yes ! he deserves, indeed, to be deceived,  
That seeks a heart in the unthinking man.



In swiftly fading characters are writ  
The forms of life upon the glassy brow,  
Nought sinks into the bosom's silent depth;  
And though a giddy spirit wake the blood,  
No soul exists to warm the frame within.

TERZKY.

Yet would I rather choose these smother foreheads,  
Than trust me to some deeper furrow'd brows.

#### SCENE VIII.

WALLENSTEIN. TERZKY. ILLO (*enters in rage*).

ILLO.

Ho! Treachery and mutiny!

TERZKY.

What now?

ILLO.

The Tiefenbachers, when I gave the order  
To quit their post—rebellious villains—!

TERZKY.

Well ?

WALLENSTEIN.

What then ?

ILLO.

They do refuse obedience—

TERZKY.

Then shoot them down—O haste—give order for it.

WALLENSTEIN.

Be calm. What reason do they give for this ?

ILLO.

They do acknowledge no commands save those  
Of the Lieutenant-General, Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN.

How ? What ?

ILLO.

Such was his mandate. He hath shown them  
The Emperor's own warrant for the order.

TERZKY.

The Emperor's ! Hear'st thou, Prince ?

ILLO.

By his inducement

The Colonels yesterday have disappear'd.

TERZKY.

Thou hear'st ?

ILLO.

And Montecuculi, Caraffa,  
Besides six other Generals, have been miss'd,  
Whom his persuasions have induced to follow.  
All this hath long ago been with the Emperor  
Arranged in writing, and more lately settled  
With Questenberg.

[WALLENSTEIN *sinks into a chair, and covers  
his face.*

TERZKY.

O, hadst thou but believed me !

## SCENE IX.

*The same.* COUNTESS.

COUNTESS.

I cannot, cannot longer bear this anguish :  
In God's name, speak, and let me know the worst !

ILLO.

The regiments, one by one, fall off from us.  
Count Piccolomini hath proved a traitor.

COUNTESS.

O, my prophetic soul !—— [ *Rushes out.*

TERZKY.

Hadst thou believed  
My words ! See how the stars have lied to thee.

WALLENSTEIN (*standing up*).

The stars lie not ; but this is done against  
The starry motions, and the course of fate.  
The art is true, but this man's treachery

Stamps falsehood even on the fair face of heaven.  
Prediction rests but on experience ;  
Where nature, erring from her sphere, gives way,  
All knowledge is at fault. Were it indeed  
But superstition, that I did not sully  
The honour of mankind by that suspicion,  
O ! never should I blush for such a weakness !  
There is a touch of feeling in the brute—  
The savage drinks not with the sacrifice  
Into whose bosom he would plunge the sword.  
This was no hero's part, Octavio !  
'Twas not thy prudence over mine prevailing,  
'Twas but thy baser heart that over mine  
Gave thee this shameful, this unmanly triumph.  
No shield held off thy blow. Thy ruthless steel  
Was plunged into an unprotected breast.  
Against such weapons I am but a child.

## SCENE X.

*The same.* BUTTLER.

TERZKY.

See, here is Buttler—here is still a friend.

WALLENSTEIN (*approaches him with outstretched  
arms, and embraces him with affection*).

Come to my arms, time-honour'd veteran !  
Not lovelier looks the sunbeam in the spring,  
Than a friend's aspect in an hour like this !

BUTTLER.

My General, I come.—

WALLENSTEIN (*leaning on his shoulder*).

Thou know'st it then ;  
The old man hath betray'd me to the Emperor :  
What say'st thou of it, Buttler ? Thirty years  
Together had we lived and labour'd on ;  
On the same camp-bed laid us down to rest,

Drank from one glass, shared one poor meal together ;  
I leant secure upon his faith, as now  
On thy true shoulder I sustain myself ;  
Yet in the moment when my bosom beat  
In love and confidence against his own,  
He waited but his time to drive the knife  
With cold accursed cunning to my heart.

BUTTLER.

Forget the false one.—Speak, what would'st thou do ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Well, 'tis well said.—Why, let him go. Methinks  
I am still rich in friends. Is it not so ?  
Fate is not yet my foe ; for even now,  
While she unveils to me a traitor's face,  
A truer heart is sent to fill his room.—  
No more of him. O think not 'tis his loss  
That grieves me thus—'tis but his treachery ;  
For near and dear were both of them to me ;  
And Max—that Max—he loved me truly,—he  
Hath never yet deceived me—never.—

—But

Enough of this—decision now is needed.  
The courier whom Count Kinsky sends to me  
From Prague, upon the instant may be here.  
Whate'er he brings, it must not fall into  
The mutineers' possession. Therefore send  
A swift and trusty messenger to meet him,  
And bring him to me by a secret path.

[*ILLO is going out—BUTTLER detains him.*

BUTTLER.

My General, whom dost thou wait?

WALLENSTEIN.

The messenger  
Who brings me news how things have fared in Prague.

BUTTLER.

Hm !

WALLENSTEIN.

What's the matter?

BUTTLER.

Then thou know'st it not?

WALLENSTEIN.

What dost thou mean?



BUTTLER.

How this alarm arose

I' the camp?

WALLENSTEIN.

How then?

BUTTLER.

That messenger——

WALLENSTEIN (*in anxious expectation*).

Proceed.

BUTTLER.

He is arrived.

TERZKY *and* ILLO.

He is arrived!

WALLENSTEIN.

*My messenger?*

BUTTLER.

Some hours since.

WALLENSTEIN.

And I knew it not!

BUTTLER.

The watch .

Arrested him.

ILLO (*stamping with his foot*).

Damnation !

BUTTLER.

His dispatches

Were broken—circulated through the camp.

WALLENSTEIN (*agitated*).

Ye know what they contain, then ?

BUTTLER (*with emphasis*).

Ask me not.

TERZKY.

O, woe to us—all goes to wreck and ruin.

WALLENSTEIN.

Conceal it not, for I can hear the worst.

PRAGUE THEN IS LOST. It is—confess it freely.

BUTTLER.

Yes, it *is* lost ; and all the regiments

At Budweiss, Tabor, Braunau, Königgratz,

At Brunn, and Znaim, have left thee, and renew'd

Their fealty to the Emperor—thou thyself,

With Kinsky, Terzky, Illo, art proscribed.

[TERZKY and ILLO exhibit marks of terror and  
rage—WALLENSTEIN remains firm and com-  
posed.

WALLENSTEIN (*after a pause*).

'Tis done—and now the worst is past : The pain  
Of doubt hath vanish'd, like an evil dream—  
My breast is free, my soul is clear again.  
Night must it be ere Friedland's star will beam.  
With slow resolve, with hesitating heart,  
I drew the sword—'twas done with inward strife,  
While yet the choice was mine ; but now 'tis past,  
Necessity is come, doubt flies at last,  
I battle for my head and for my life.

[*Goes out, the others follow.*

## SCENE XI.

COUNTESS TERZKY (*comes from the side chamber*).

I cannot bear it more. Where are they? All  
Is waste. They leave me here, alone, alone,  
Amidst this agony. I must constrain  
Myself before my sister, feign composure,  
And in myself shut up the pangs that press  
My loaded spirit down. I will not bear it.  
If all is lost—if he with empty hand,  
And like a fugitive, must join these Swedes,  
Not like a great ally, in majesty,  
And followed by an army's might—If we  
From land to land must, like the Palsgrave, wander,  
A sad memorial of fallen greatness,  
O never let me look upon that day!  
Could he himself endure to sink to this,  
I would not live to see him sink so low.

## SCENE XII.

COUNTRESS. DUCHESS. THEKLA.

THEKLA (*endeavouring to retain the DUCHESS.*)}

O, mother ! dearest mother ! do not go.

DUCHESS.

No, here there is some dreadful secret still  
Conceal'd from me. Why does my sister thus  
Avoid me ? wherefore do I see her so  
Overpower'd by deep anxiety ? why wearest *thou*  
These looks of fear ? what mean these silent signals  
Which thou dost secretly exchange with her ?

THEKLA.

Nothing, dear mother.

DUCHESS.

Sister, I *will* know.

COUNTRESS.

What purpose can it serve to hide it more ?

Conceal it as we may, sooner or later  
She must both hear and learn to endure it too.  
This is no moment to give way to weakness.  
Deep need have we of courage and of calmness,  
And we must teach our minds betimes to bear.  
Then better that her fate should be decided  
Once, and for all.—Sister, thou art deceived.  
Thou think'st the Duke has been deposed : The Duke  
Is not deposed—he is——

THEKLA.

O, wouldst thou murder her ?

COUNTESS.

The Duke is——

THEKLA (*embracing her mother*).

O, be firm, be firm, my mother.

COUNTESS.

The Duke hath risen against the Emperor—  
He would have join'd the enemy—the army  
Hath left him. He hath fail'd—and all is over.

[*During these words the DUCHESS totters, and  
faints in the arms of her Daughter.*]

## SCENE XIII.

*A large Hall in the Residence of the Duke of  
Friedland.*

WALLENSTEIN (*in armour*).

Octavio, thou hast sped. I am again  
Almost as desolate as when I fared  
Forth from the Princes-day of Ratisbon.  
Then I had nothing save myself; but what  
One man may do, that ye have learnt already.  
The beauty of my boughs ye have hewn off—  
I stand a branchless trunk! But yet within  
Lives the creative power, that could of old  
Sprout forth in leaves, and shadow o'er the world.  
Yes, once already, I, and I alone,  
Have fill'd an army's room. Before the Swede  
Your hosts had melted; on the Lech sank Tilly,  
Your last support—Gustavus on Bavaria

Swept like a deluge down ; and in Vienna,  
Within his palaces, the Emperor trembled.  
Men were not cheaply purchased ; for the crowd  
Still follows fortune. Then all eyes were turn'd  
On me, the helper in their need—then bow'd  
The Emperor's pride before the deeply injured.  
I must arise with my creative word,  
And people, with a charm, these empty trenches.  
'Twas done. The drum was beat. Throughout the land,  
My name went forth like Mars—at once the plough,  
The workshop were forsaken ; thousands flock'd,  
In hope, around the old familiar banner.  
Even now I feel I am the man I was !  
The spirit moulds the body for itself,  
And Friedland's self will fill his camp alone.  
Lead forth your thousands : Often have they march'd  
*With* me to conquest, never yet *against* me.  
Yes, when the head and limbs are thus divided,  
Then 'twill be seen in which the soul resided.

*ILLO and TERZKY enter.*

Courage, my friends, we are not yet undone.



Thy regiments, Terzky, Buttler's valiant bands,  
Even yet are ours. To-morrow brings a band  
Of sixteen thousand Swedish troops. No stronger  
Was I some nine years past, when marching forth  
To conquer Germany for the Emperor.

## SCENE XIV.

*The same.* NEUMANN.

*(Leads TERZKY aside, and speaks to him).*

TERZKY *(to NEUMANN)*.

What do they seek?

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

NEUMANN.

Ten cuirassiers

Of Pappenheim's request to speak to thee  
In the regiment's name.

WALLENSTEIN.

Let them come in. I hope

Something may yet be made of this. Observe  
They waver yet, and therefore may be won.

## SCENE XV.

*Cuirassiers, conducted by a GEFREITER,\* march in,  
and place themselves, according to command, in a  
line before the DUKE, saluting him.*

WALLENSTEIN (*after observing them for some time, to  
the GEFREITER*).

I know thee well—thou art of Bruges, and  
Thy name is Mercy.

GEFREITER.

Henry Mercy—'tis so.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou wert cut off upon thy march to us,

---

\* Gefreiter, or Apointé, a person exempted from the common watching duty, but different from the corporal. *Vide HOZER's Gesch. Kriegskunst*, I. p. 318. ZEDLER, *Lexicon*, in voce Gefreiter.

Surrounded by the foe, and with a hundred  
And eighty men brokest through their thousand Hes-  
sians.

GEFREITER.

It is so, General.

WALLENSTEIN.

What was thy reward  
For that brave deed?

GEFREITER.

The honour, General,  
For which I pray'd—of serving in this band.

WALLENSTEIN (*turns to another*).

Thou wert beside me on the day when I  
Led forth the volunteers for Altenberg  
To storm the Swedish battery.

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Yes, my General.

WALLENSTEIN.

I never do forget the man with whom  
I have once exchanged a word. Now, let me know  
Your errand hither.

GEFREITER (*giving the command*).

Comrades, to your arms.

WALLENSTEIN (*turning to a third*).

Thy name is Risbeck, and Cologne thy birth-place.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

Risbeck of Cologne.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Swedish Colonel Dubald

Thou brought'st a prisoner to the camp at Nuremberg.

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

Not I, my General.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ay, right, it was

Thine elder brother who did so. Thou hadst

A younger brother too, where is he now?

THIRD CUIRASSIER.

He is at Olmutz with the Emperor's army.

WALLENSTEIN.

Now then, proceed.

GEFREITER.

An Emperor's mandate came into our hands,

That ordered——

WALLENSTEIN (*interrupting him*).

Who hath chosen you ?

GEFREITER.

Every company

Hath chosen its man by lot.

WALLENSTEIN.

Well then, to business.

GEFREITER.

An Emperor's mandate came into our hands,  
That order'd us to quit thy service instantly,  
For that thou wert a traitor and a foe.

WALLENSTEIN.

And what is your resolve ?

GEFREITER.

Our comrades

At Braunau, Budweiss, Prague, and Olmutz, have  
Obey'd, and their example have the regiments  
Of Tiefenbach and of Toscana follow'd.  
But we will not believe it, that thou art  
A foe and a traitor ; we maintain 'tis all  
Falsehood and lies, and Spanish fabrication.

Thou shalt thyself inform us of thy purpose,  
For thou wert ever fair and true with us :  
Our confidence in thee is still unshaken.  
No stranger lips shall discord breed between us,  
Th' indulgent General and his faithful soldiers.

WALLENSTEIN.

In that I recognise my Pappenheimers.

GEFREITER.

And this is now thy regiment's message to thee :  
If 'tis thy purpose only to retain  
This warlike sceptre that so well beseems thee,  
Which to thy hands the Emperor hath intrusted,  
To be the empire's guardian and its leader,  
So will we stand by thee, and guard thy rights  
Against the world ; and if the other regiments  
Forsake thee, we alone will yet remain  
True to thy cause, and give our lives for thine ;  
For this our military duty is,  
Sooner to fall ourselves, than see thee fall :  
But if it be so, as the Emperor's letter  
Contains—if it be true that thou would'st lead us,

Thus treacherously, over to the foe—  
And God forbid that it should be so—then we  
Will leave thee also, and obey the mandate.

WALLENSTEIN.

Listen to me, my friends——

GEFREITER.

Few words are needed.

Say yes, or no—and we shall be contented.

WALLENSTEIN.

Give ear. I know ye are intelligent—  
Judge for yourselves, and follow not the herd.  
So have I ever, as ye know, with honour  
Distinguish'd you amidst the army's mass.  
The leader's rapid glance can number nought  
But colours ; he can mark no single head—  
Here blind despotic iron authority  
Holds sway—man cannot here be known as man :  
But so, ye know, I have not dealt with you ;  
I saw that, 'midst the rugged trade of war,  
Ye were not merely soldiers—from your brows  
Beam'd forth the gentle light of human feeling,

And therefore, as to freemen, have I yielded  
To you the freedom of your own opinion.

GEFREITER.

Yes, worthily hast thou still dealt with us,  
My General, honour'd us with confidence,  
And favour'd us beyond the other regiments :  
And we, too, follow not the vulgar herd—  
Thou seest we would hold firmly by thee still.  
Speak but one word : Thy word shall be enough.  
Say that thou meant'st not to betray us—that  
Thou would'st not lead the army to the foe.

WALLENSTEIN.

I—I—have been betrayed—the Emperor  
Hath sacrificed me to my foes, and I  
Must fall, unless my faithful troops shall save me.  
I will have confidence in you—your hearts  
Shall be my fortress. Look ! against this breast,  
At this grey head, their shafts are pointed. This  
Is Spanish gratitude—this the reward  
For all the blood and labour we have lavish'd  
On Lutzen's murderous plain. For this we bared



Our naked breasts to meet the partizan—  
For this we made the icy earth our bed,  
The bare and rugged rock our pillow, deem'd  
No stream too swift, no wood impenetrable ;  
Follow'd, untired, the shifting Mansfeld on,  
Through all the serpent-windings of his flight :  
Our life was but a long and restless march ;  
And homeless, as the rushing winds of heaven,  
We storm'd across the war-convulsed earth ;  
And now, when this long, weary work of arms,  
This labour, laden with a curse, is o'er—  
When we have borne, with true untiring arm,  
War's heavy load—shall this imperial youngling  
Bear off the Peace, an early prize, and wreath  
The hard-earn'd olive branch that should have graced  
Our brows, amidst his flaxen boyish hair ?

## GEFREITER.

That shall he not, while we can hinder it :  
No other than thyself, who hast with glory  
Conducted it, shall end this fearful war.  
Thou led'st us forth into the bloody field

Of death ; and thou, and thou alone, shalt lead us  
Hence to the sweet abodes of peace, and share  
With us the hard-earn'd harvest of our labours.

## WALLENSTEIN.

How ? think ye, then, in peaceful age, to reap  
The harvest of your toil ?—Believe it not.  
This strife's conclusion ye will never live  
To look upon—this war engulphs us all.  
Austria will have no peace ; my crime hath been,  
That I have sought it—therefore must I fall.—  
What is't to Austria, if her endless wars  
Wear out her armies, and lay waste the world ?  
Enough for her that towns and lands are won.—  
Ye are moved—I see a noble indignation,  
Like lightning, sparkle in your warlike eyes.  
O that my spirit might inspire ye now,  
Boldly, as once it led you forth to battle !  
I know ye will not leave me—Ye will lend  
Your weapons to protect me—That is noble—  
But think not ye will e'er accomplish it,  
Faithful but feeble band ; ye would but vainly

Have sacrificed yourselves to save your General.

[*With a confiding air.*]

No—Let us walk securely—seek for friends—  
Seem to embrace the offer which the Swede  
Now makes—Still terrible to both, we hold  
The destinies of Europe in our hands ;  
And, crown'd with olive, from our camp lead forth  
Peace to the rescued and rejoicing world.

GEFREITER.

So then thou dost but trifle with the Swede ?  
Thou would'st not then betray the Emp'ror—would'st  
not

Make Swedes of us ? It is enough for us—  
For this was all we sought to learn of thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is the Swede to me ? I hate him as  
The pit of hell ; and hope in God, full soon  
Across his stormy seas to hunt him home.  
He is my instrument. I have a heart—  
I see and sorrow for my country's sorrows.  
Ye are but common men, and yet ye think

Not commonly ; I see that ye are worthy  
That I should speak in confidence to you.  
Lo, fifteen years the torch of war hath blazed,  
And yet no pause—no peace. German and Swede,  
Papist and Lutheran !—No one will yield  
Unto the other—every hand is raised  
Against another : All is party here—  
And where shall be the judge ? Where shall it end ?  
Who shall undo the knot that, still increasing,  
Coils on and on ?—It must be hewn asunder.  
I feel that I am he whom Fate hath chosen,  
And hope, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

## SCENE XVI.

*The same.* BUTTLER.

BUTTLER.

This is not well done, General.

WALLENSTEIN.

What ?

BUTTLER.

This act

Must injure us, with all the well-intention'd.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it ?

BUTTLER.

The revolt will be too plain.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it then ?

BUTTLER.

Count Terzky's regiments

Tear down th' Imperial Eagle from their colours,

And place thine arms there.

GEFREITER (*to the Cuirassiers*).

Soldiers, to the right !

WALLENSTEIN.

Accursed be th' advice, and he who gave it !—

[*To the Cuirassiers, who are marching off.*

Stay, children, stay—it is an error—Hear me !

And sternly will I punish it,—O stay !—  
They hear me not.

[*To ILLO.*

Fly after them—Explain it—  
Speak to them—Bring them back, cost what it will.

[*ILLO flies out.*

That stroke hath ruin'd all.—O, Buttler, Buttler,  
Thou art my evil demon !—Wherefore must thou  
Announce it in their presence? Everything  
Was in fair train ; they were already won.—  
These madmen, with their thoughtless and unwelcome  
Officiousness !—O, fearfully does Fortune  
Sport with me—'Tis the rashness of my friends  
Destroys me, not the hatred of my foes.

## SCENE XVII.

*The same. The DUCHESS enters, followed by THEKLA  
and the COUNTESS. Afterwards ILLO.*

DUCHESS.

Albert ! what hast thou done ?

WALLENSTEIN.

What ! more and more ?

COUNTESS.

O, brother, pardon me ! I could conceal it

No more—She knows it all.

DUCHESS.

What hast thou done ?

COUNTESS (*to TERZKY*).

Is there no hope yet left ? Is all then lost ?

TERZKY.

All.—Prague is in the Emperor's hand. The regiments

Have ta'en their oath anew.

COUNTESS.

Treacherous Octavio !

Max too is gone ?

TERZKY.

Where should he be ? He is

Gone with his father to the Emperor.

[THEKLA *falls into her Mother's arms, concealing her face in her bosom.*

DUCHESS (*clasping her in her arms*).

Unhappy child, and more unhappy mother !

WALLENSTEIN (*leading TERZKY aside*).

Let them prepare a carriage on the instant

In the court, to bear *them* hence.

[*Pointing to the ladies.*

Send Scherfenberg

Forth with them—He is faithful to us ; he

Will be their guide to Egra—We will follow.

[*To ILLO, who re-enters.*

Thou canst not bring them back ?

ILLO.

Hear'st thou the uproar ?



Hark ! the whole corps of Pappenheimers is  
In motion ; they demand their Colonel, Max,  
Back from thee ; they maintain that he is still  
Here in the fort—that thou by force detain'st him ;  
And if thou wilt not yield him up, they threaten  
To force a passage for him with their swords.

[*All stand astonished.*

TERZKY.

What can we make of this ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Said I not so ?—

O, my prophetic heart, he still is here !  
*He* never hath deceived me—never could  
Have done the deed—*his* faith I never doubted.

COUNTESS.

If he is here, all may be well ; I know  
A tie that shall detain him ever here.

[*Embracing* THEKLA.

TERZKY.

It cannot be. Bethink thee : the old man

Betray'd us—he hath fled to the Emperor :  
How should the son still dare to stay ?

ILLO (*to WALLENSTEIN*).

I saw

The equipage thou lately sent'st him, carried  
Some hours ago across the market-place.

COUNTESS.

O, niece, he is not gone then.

THEKLA (*looking to the door, exclaims*)

HE IS HERE !

### SCENE XVIII.

*The same.* MAX PICCOLOMINI.

MAX (*advancing into the midst of the hall*).

Yes ! He is here. I can endure no longer  
To glide from room to room—to watch the stolen  
And favourable instant. This delay,  
This agony, is more than I can bear.

*[Advancing to THEKLA, who throws herself into her Mother's arms.]*

O, look on me—look not away, bright angel !  
Confess it free before them all, fear none :  
Let worlds be witness that we love each other.  
Why should we hide it longer ? Secrecy  
Is for Love's happier votaries ; misfortune,  
The hopeless, needs no veil, but freely acts  
Beneath the splendour of a thousand suns.

*[He observes the COUNTESS, who glances with a triumphant look at THEKLA.]*

Nay, Countess ! look not on me with those eyes  
Of anxious hope : I come not to remain,  
I come to take farewell. The word is spoken—  
I must forsake thee, Thekla—and for ever.  
Grant me one look of pity ere I go,  
Thy hate I cannot carry with me. Thekla,  
Say that thou dost not hate me—say but that.

*[Taking her hand in deep agitation.]*

Oh, God ! oh, God ! I cannot leave this spot,  
I cannot move—I cannot quit this hand.—

Speak, Thekla—say thou hast compassion for me.

I will trust none but thee. I can no more.

[THEKLA, *avoiding his glance, points with her hand to her Father.* MAX *turns to the DUKE, of whose presence he is now first aware.*

Thou here? it was not thee I sought. On thee

These eyes would never wish to look again.

My errand is with her alone, and here

Her heart shall speak its feelings freely out—

With all beside I have no more to do.

WALLENSTEIN.

Think'st thou I am the fool to let thee go,

And act with thee a scene of magnanimity?

Thy father play'd a villain's part with me :

Thou art to me nought but *his son*, and shalt not

In vain have been deliver'd to my hands.

Think not I will revere the ancient friendship,

Which he so ruthlessly hath outraged : No !

The times of love and tenderness are by,

And hate and vengeance follow in their room.

MAX.

Do with me as thou hast the power to do,  
Thou know'st I neither brave nor fear thine anger;  
And well thou know'st what tie detains me here.

[*Taking THEKLA by the hand.*

See ! all on earth I would have owed to thee ;  
The happiness of angels I had hoped  
From thy paternal hand. Thou hast destroy'd it ;  
But what is that to thee ? Unmoved thou tramplest  
Thy children's happiness into the dust :  
The God thou servest is no God of mercy.  
Even as the blind relentless element,  
The fearful tempest, which no ties can bind,  
Thou follow'st, where thy heart's wild impulse leads.  
Woe unto them who trust in thee, who lean  
The fabric of their happiness on thee,  
Lured by thy show of hospitable shelter !  
Sudden, unlooked-for, 'midst the nightly stillness,  
Yawns the abyss of flame, and forth the flood  
Issues with deafening roar, and far and wide,

O'er all the smiling plains that man had planted,  
Pours the wild stream with ghastly desolation.

## WALLENSTEIN.

Thou dost depict thy father's heart : Even so  
It beats within *his* black and treacherous bosom.  
The powers of Hell ensnared me : Hell itself  
Sent forth its subtlest and most lying spirit,  
And placed him like a friend for ever near me.  
What mortal may withstand the might of Hell ?  
I warm'd the basilisk within my bosom—  
With my heart's-blood I nourish'd him—he suck'd  
His fill of sustenance from that warm stream—  
I was suspicionless of him ; I threw  
The portal of my thoughts wide open to him,  
And cast the key of foresight far away.  
My eyes went roaming through the starry heavens  
And the wide universe, to seek the foe,  
Who in my heart of hearts had made his home !  
Had I but been to FERDINAND, what he,  
OCTAVIO, was to me, O never, never  
Could I have warr'd with him ! But he, alas,

Was the stern master only, not the friend :  
The Emperor trusted nothing to my faith—  
War was between us even then, when he  
Placed in my hand the truncheon of command ;  
For cunning and suspicion ever war,  
Belief and confidence alone have peace ;  
And he, that poisons confidence, would murder  
The growing infant in the mother's womb.

MAX.

My father I will not defend. Alas,  
That I should live to say I cannot do so !  
Unhappy evil actions have been done,  
And closely do the links of evil clasp  
Each other in their dark and fearful chain.

But how have *we*, the innocent, been drawn  
Within this gulph of misery and crime ?  
To whom have *we* been faithless ? Wherefore should  
Our fathers' treachery or guilt surround *us*,  
The guiltless, with its ghastly serpent fold ?  
Why must our parents' unappeased hate

Tear *us*, the loving and the loved, asunder?

[*Embracing THEKLA with the deepest agitation.*

WALLENSTEIN (*after looking at them silently, approaches*).

Remain with me—O do not leave me, Max!  
Think, Max, when, in the winter camp at Prague,  
They brought thee to my tent, a tender boy,  
New to the rigour of our German winter,  
Thy hand was frozen to the heavy colours,  
Which, manlike, thou would'st not forsake. I took  
Thee up, and with my mantle cover'd thee—  
I was myself thy nurse—I did not blush  
To do these offices for thee. I watch'd thee  
With anxious, womanish activity,  
Till, warm'd beside my heart, thou felt'st again  
The stream of life flow freely through thy frame.  
When have I ever changed my bearing to thee?  
I have made thousands rich—I gave them lands,  
I lavish'd honours on them—THEE I LOVED:  
My heart—my very self—I gave to thee—  
They were but strangers to me—Thou wert ever



The child of the house. O, Max! thou canst not  
leave me,  
It cannot be—I may not, and I will not,  
Believe that Max can part with me.

MAX.

O, God!

WALLENSTEIN.

I have upheld and guided thee till now,  
Even from thy childish years. What hath thy father  
Done for thee, which I have not richly done?  
A net of love I wove, and cast around thee,  
Then tear it if thou canst; for thou art bound  
To me by every tender tie of souls,  
By every holy feeling of our nature,  
That fetters man unto his fellow man.  
Go hence—forsake me—serve thine Emperor:  
See if his Collar, or his Golden Fleece,  
Outweigh the friend, the father of thy youth,  
The sacrifice of all thy holiest feelings.

MAX (*in the strongest agitation*).

O God! What can I?—must I not?—My oath,  
My duty——

## WALLENSTEIN.

Duty! And to whom? Who art thou?

If *I* am faithless to the Emperor,  
The crime at least is *mine*, not *thine*. Art thou  
Thine own? and dost thou stand alone like me,  
Free and accountable on earth, that thou  
Should'st be thyself the author of thine actions?  
No, thou art bound to me; I am thine Emperor;  
To be mine own, and to obey *my* will,  
This is thy law of nature and of honour.  
And when the planet, where thou liv'st and mov'st,  
Shoots wildly from his sphere, and blazing wraps  
A neighbouring world in his contagious flame,  
*Thou* can'st not choose if thou wilt follow with him;  
In his resistless round he whirls thee on,  
As powerless as his Ring and subject Moons.  
Guiltless thou wilt go forth into this war—  
The world will praise, not blame thee for the deed,  
For that thy friend was all in all to thee.

## SCENE XIX.

*The same.* NEUMANN.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is't ?

NEUMANN.

The Pappenheimers are in motion,  
And marching hither, sword in hand, resolved  
To storm the house, and liberate the Count.

WALLENSTEIN (*to* TERZKY).

Pull up the draw-bridge, and prepare the cannon :  
I will receive them with chain-balls.

[TERZKY *goes out.*

To dictate

Their message to me with their swords ! Go, Neumann,  
Tell them my orders are, that they retire  
Upon the instant, and in silence wait  
What *I* shall please to do.

[NEUMANN *goes out.* ILLO *moves to the window.*

COUNTESS.

O, let him go:

I pr'ythee let him go.

ILLO (*at the window*).

Death and the devil!

WALLENSTEIN.

What now?

ILLO.

They mount the council-house—the roof  
Is crowded—they direct the cannon hither  
Upon the house——

MAX.

The madmen!

ILLO.

—They prepare

To fire upon us.

DUCHESS *and* COUNTESS.

God in heaven!

MAX (*to WALLENSTEIN*).

Let me

Go down among them.

## THE DEATH

WALLENSTEIN.

Not a step.

MAX (*pointing to THEKLA and the DUCHESS.*)

But think—

Think of *their* lives and thine.

WALLENSTEIN.

What bring'st thou, Terzky?

## SCENE XX.

*The same. TERZKY returning.*

TERZKY.

A message from our trusty regiments.

Their spirit can no longer be controll'd ;

They pray thee for permission to assault ;

Already they are masters of the gates

Of Prague and Mühlthor—Give the signal only ;

They can attack the enemy behind,

Drive them into the town, and easily,  
Within the narrows of the streets, o'erpower them.

ILLO.

O, come—let not their eagerness grow cool ;  
The troops of Buttler still hold true to us ;  
We are the stronger—we will master them,  
And end the insurrection here in Pilsen.

WALLENSTEIN.

What ! shall this town become a battle-field,  
And dark fraternal Discord, fiery-eyed,  
Drive masterless along its peaceful streets ?  
Shall the decision of the strife be given  
To deaf-ear'd Cruelty, that hears no leader ?  
Here is no room for battle, but for murder ;  
And the revengeful furies, once let loose,  
No mortal ruler's mandate may recall.  
But be it so—it hath been ponder'd long ;  
Now let the deed of blood be done and over.

[ *Turning to MAX.*

What is thy purpose ? Wilt thou follow me ?  
See ! thou art free to go—Array thyself

Against me—Lead these rebels to the field ;  
Thou know'st what war is ; something thou hast learn'd  
With me : I meet no despicable foe ;  
And never can a fitter hour arrive  
To pay me back my lesson.

COUNTESS.

Is it come

To this ?—O, cousin, cousin ! canst thou bear it ?

MAX.

To lead the regiments here intrusted to me  
Back to the Emperor in safety,—this  
I vow'd, and I will keep the vow or die.  
Duty demands no more. I will not fight  
Against thee, if I can ; for, friend or foe,  
Thy safety must be sacred to me still.

[ *Two shots are heard—ILLO and TERZKY  
fly to the window.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Ha ! what is that ?

TERZKY.

He falls.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who falls ?

ILLO.

The Tiefenbachers fired

The shot.

WALLENSTEIN.

On whom ?

ILLO.

Upon that Neumann whom

Thou sentest.

WALLENSTEIN.

Death and curses ! I will——

TERZKY.

What !

Would'st thou expose thyself to their blind rage ?

DUCHESS *and* COUNTESS.

Not, for the love of Heaven !

ILLO.

Not now, my General.

COUNTESS.

Detain him !—oh, detain him !



WALLENSTEIN.

Leave me !

MAX.

Do not

Go now—not now. The rash and bloody deed  
Hath madden'd them ; wait thou their calm repentance.

WALLENSTEIN.

Away, away—I have delay'd too long.  
If they have done this bold and bloody deed,  
'Twas that they have not yet beheld my face ;  
But they shall see my face, and hear my voice.  
What ! are they not *my* troops, and am not *I*  
Their General—their tried and fear'd commander ?  
See if these rebels have forgot the look  
That was their sun amidst the gloom of battle.  
I need no weapons—I will show myself  
Unto them from above—then see how soon  
The torrent of their spirits shall subside  
Within the wonted channel of obedience.

[ *Goes out, followed by* ILLO, TERZKY, *and*  
BUTTLER.

## SCENE XXI.

COUNTESS (*to the DUCHESS*).

When they shall see him—there is hope still, sister.

DUCHESS.

Hope ! I have done with hope.

MAX (*who, during the last Scene, remained at a distance in visible agitation, draws nearer*).

I cannot bear it !

With firm determined heart I enter'd here—

With pure and blameless heart I hoped to go ;

Yet here I linger like some hateful thing,

Some ruthless savage, loaded with a curse,

And loath'd of all my heart holds dear.—O fearful

The trial is, to look on those I love,

And feel one word from me could make them happy !

My heart rebels against my will—two voices

Contend within my bosom—all within

Is night—the path of right I cannot see.

O, well and truly hast thou spoken, father ;  
Too much I trusted to my heart—I stand  
Irresolute—I know not what to do.—

COUNTESS.

Thou know'st not ? Does thy heart say nothing to thee ?  
Then I will tell thee.

Thy father hath with shameful treachery  
Dealt with us—placed his Friend's and Prince's life  
In peril—plunged us all in ruin ; therefore,  
Plain is the course which thou his son should'st follow.  
Build up what he so shamefully hath broken ;  
Give to the world a pattern of true faith—  
So that the name of Piccolomini  
Be not a by-word, and a curse for ever  
I' the house of Wallenstein.

MAX.

Where shall I find  
A voice of truth, which I may dare to follow ?  
Our wishes and our passions blind us all.  
O, that some angel would descend from Heaven,  
And from the source of light and truth would bring me

One pure refreshing draught in her pure hand !

[*His eyes rest upon THEKLA.*

And do I seek this angel still—and shall I

Expect another ?—

[*Drawing near, encircles her with his arm.*

Here unto this heart,

The pure—the holy—the unchangeable,

Will I appeal ! I will consult thy love,

Which none can hope for, save the good and happy—

Which shuns the guilty and the miserable.—

Canst thou still love me, Thekla, if I stay ?—

Say that thou canst, and I am thine for ever.

COUNTESS (*with emphasis*).

Bethink—

MAX (*interrupting her*).

Bethink thee not—speak as thou feel'st.

COUNTESS.

Think of thy father.

MAX (*interrupting her*).

Not to Friedland's daughter

Do I appeal—I speak to her I love ;

The question is not now to gain a crown,—  
Then thou might pause and ponder to reply :—  
No, thy friend's happiness is now at stake,  
The fortune of a thousand noble hearts,  
Who act by his example—Shall I then  
Forswear my oath and duty to the Emperor ?  
And shall I send into Octavio's camp  
The murderous, the parricidal ball ?  
Oh ! when the ball is loose upon its course,  
It is no more a lifeless instrument—  
It lives—a soul awakes within,—the Furies,  
The ministers of vengeance, seize upon it,  
And guide it, treacherous, to its fatal goal.

THEKLA.

O Max !—

MAX (*interrupting her*).

Nay—do not judge too rashly neither—  
I know thee well. Oft to the noble heart,  
The steepest path of duty seems the nearest ;  
Let us not act like angels, but like men.  
Think what the Prince hath done for me till now—

Think how my father hath repaid the boon.  
The lovely ties of hospitality,  
The inviolable faith of friendship too,  
Are fenced within our hearts by holy feelings,  
And sternly does our shuddering nature punish  
The savage that would seek to outrage them.  
Lay this—lay all within the balance—speak,  
And let thy heart decide !

THEKLA.

Oh ! thine own  
Hath long ago decided. Follow then  
Thy first impression.

COUNTESS.

Wretched one !

THEKLA.

O ! how

Can aught be right, save what thy tender heart  
At once instinctively embraced and found ?  
Go and fulfil thy duty. Evermore  
I would have loved thee ; for, whate'er thy choice,  
Nobly, and worthy of thyself, thou would'st

Have ever acted ; but remorse shall never  
Disturb thy pure serenity of soul.

MAX.

And must I leave thee—part from thee ?

THEKLA.

Be true

Unto thyself, and thou art true to me.  
Fate hath divided us, our hearts are one.  
A bloody hate for ever parts the houses  
Of Friedland and of Piccolomini.  
But we belong not to our house. O, forth,  
Fly hence, and separate thy better fortune  
From our immutable unhappy fate !  
The curse of Heaven lies heavy on our head—  
Our house is consecrated to destruction—  
Me, too, my father's guilt will drag to ruin,  
In its wide-reaching doom. But sorrow not  
For me—my sorrows will be over soon.

[MAX clasps her in his arms in the deepest agitation. A loud, wild, prolonged cry is heard behind the Scene, "Vivat FERDINANDUS!"

*accompanied by warlike instruments. MAX and THEKLA remain motionless in each other's arms.*

SCENE XXII.

*The same.* TERZKY.

COUNTESS (*meeting him*).

Ha! what was that? what meant that fearful cry?

TERZKY.

The whole is over—all is lost for ever.

COUNTESS.

How! Then they yielded not, although they saw him?

TERZKY.

No; all was tried in vain.

DUCHESS.

They shouted—Vivat.

TERZKY.

Ay! for the Emperor.



COUNTESS.

Perfidious villains !

TERZKY.

They would not hear him speak. When he began,  
They drown'd him with a peal of warlike music.  
He comes.

## SCENE XXIII.

*The same.* WALLENSTEIN, *accompanied by* ILLO  
*and* BUTTLER—*afterwards* CUIRASSIERS.

WALLENSTEIN (*entering*).

Terzky—

TERZKY.

My General ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Let our regiments

Prepare them on the instant for their march ;  
Ere evening falls we must be far from Pilsen.

Buttler——

BUTTLER.

My General?

WALLENSTEIN.

The Commandant

Of Egra is your friend and countryman ;  
Write to him, by a courier, to be ready  
To-morrow to receive us in his fortress.  
You, with your regiment, will follow thither.

BUTTLER.

It shall be done, my Prince.

WALLENSTEIN (*advances between MAX and THEKLA,  
who, during the last Scene, have remained locked in  
each others arms*).

Depart !

MAX.

O, God !

[*Cuirassiers, with drawn swords, enter the  
Hall, and arrange themselves in the back  
ground. At the same time, warlike passages  
from the Pappenheimer's March are heard  
without, as if summoning MAX.*

WALLENSTEIN (*to the Cuirassiers*).

He is here—he is free—I seek not to detain him.'

MAX.

Thou hatest me. Thou drivest me hence in wrath!  
And must the bands of ancient love be broken,  
Not gently loosen'd? Wilt thou aggravate  
The pain of parting with a needless pang?  
Thou know'st I have not learnt to live without thee—  
To me the world must be a wilderness,  
For all my heart holds dear I leave behind.  
Turn not thine eyes away—let me behold,  
Once more, thine ever dear and honour'd aspect.  
Drive me not hence.—

[*Attempts to take his hand.* WALLENSTEIN  
*draws it back.* He turns to the COUNTESS.

Is there no other eye  
That will have pity on me? Countess Terzky—

[*She moves away—he turns to the DUCHESS.*  
O, 'honour'd mother, pity me!

DUCHESS.

Go, Count,

Where duty calls ; still thou may'st be to us  
A faithful friend, and a protecting angel  
By th' Emperor's throne.

MAX.

O, thou would'st give me hope,  
Thou would'st not leave me wholly to despair ;  
Seek not with vain illusions to deceive me,  
My misery is too sure ; but, thanks to Heaven,  
One path to peace is open to me still.—

[*The warlike music recommences—the Hall fills  
more and more with Soldiers—His eye rests  
on BUTTLER.*

Thou here too, Colonel Buttler ? And thou wilt not  
Go with me ? Be it so. Remain more true  
To thy new master than thine old. Come, promise me,  
Give me thy hand, in token that thou wilt  
Protect his life—preserve him safe from ill.

[*BUTTLER draws back his hand.*

The Emperor's Ban hangs o'er him, and holds out  
His princely head a mark for every murderer,  
Who seeks to gain the dark reward of bloodshed ;

Need hath he now of Friendship's pious care,  
 Love's ever watchful eye, and those on whom  
 My eye now rests at parting.—

[*Directing ambiguous glances towards BUTTLER  
 and ILLO.*

ILLO.

Seek for traitors

Within thy father's or in Gallas' camp ;  
 Here is but one remaining : Go, remove  
 His baleful aspect from our sight ! away !

[*MAX attempts once more to draw near to THEK-  
 LA, but is prevented by WALLENSTEIN. He  
 remains with an expression of irresolution and  
 anguish ; in the meantime the Hall fills more  
 and more, and the trumpets sound more clamo-  
 rously, and with shorter pauses.*

Blow—blow !—O, would ye were the Swedish trum-  
 pets,

That I might forth into the field of death,  
 And all the swords which here I see around me,  
 Thus bared in my defence, might pierce my bosom !

What would ye? Would ye tear me hence? O, drive me  
Not wholly to despair—ye may repent it.

[*The Hall is now completely filled with Soldiers.*

Yet more and more—weight still is laid on weight,  
Till the resistless pressure bears me down.

Think what ye do. It is not well to choose  
The desperate and the dying for your leader.

Ye drag me from my hopes of happiness,  
And therefore to destruction I devote ye!

Ye chose, and on the choice your doom must lie,  
Let him who follows me prepare to die.

[*While he retires to the back ground, a rapid  
movement takes place among the troops; they  
surround him, and accompany him in wild  
tumult. WALLENSTEIN remains motionless.  
THEKLA sinks into her Mother's arms.—The  
curtain falls.*

END OF ACT THIRD.

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

*In the BURGOMASTER'S House at Egra.*

BUTTLE (advancing).

He is in the toils. His fate hath led him on ;  
Behind him now hath fall'n the portal grate ;  
And, as the bridge that bore him hither, sank  
To give him way, and rose again, that-motion  
Swept the last feeble hope of safety from him.  
“ Thus far, O Friedland, and no farther,” saith  
The goddess of thy fortune. From Bohemia,  
Thy wondrous and resplendent meteor rose—  
Wide o'er the heavens it shot and blazed ; but here,  
Upon Bohemia's bounds, it sinks at last !  
Blind as thou art, thou leav'st thine ancient banner,  
And yet confidest in thine ancient fortune !

To war within the Empire—from their seats  
To hurl the holy household deities—  
The sword is drawn within thy desperate hand !  
Beware ! the spirit of revenge impels thee—  
See that revenge prove not *thy* ruin too.

## SCENE II.

*BUTTLER and GORDON.*

GORDON.

Thou art come at length. Oh ! I have long'd to hear  
thee !

The Duke a traitor, dost thou say?—O God !  
And fugitive?—His princely head proscribed?—  
I prithee, General, let me hear more plainly  
How all these fearful deeds were done at Pilsen.

BUTTLER.

Thou hast received the letter which my messenger  
Brought thee ?



GORDON.

And faithfully obey'd thine order.

The fortress I have open'd instantly,  
For an Imperial mandate here instructs me  
To yield a blind obedience to thy will.  
Yet, pardon me, when I beheld, even now,  
The Prince, I almost did begin to waver.  
Not like an outlaw, or a fugitive,  
In sooth, did Friedland enter to this town.  
Bright, from his brow, as heretofore, shone forth  
The awe-inspiring majesty of rule ;  
And calm, as in the day of better fortune,  
He called me to accounting for mine office.  
Guilt and misfortune bend the haughty spirit ;  
And oft, with abject, fawning flattery,  
Doth fall'n pride bend low before the lowly ;  
But brief and dignified the Duke dealt forth  
Each accent of approval, as the master  
Would praise the servant who had done his duty.

BUTTLER.

As I have written to thee, all hath been.

The Duke hath sold the army to the foe,  
And would have open'd Prague and Egra to them.  
Upon this rumour have the regiments  
At Pilsen, all save five, forsaken him,  
The troops of Terzky, who have follow'd hither.  
The ban hath been pronounced upon his head ;  
And, dead or living, now to yield him up  
Becomes the duty of each faithful subject.

## GORDON.

A traitor to the Emperor—such a man,  
So nobly gifted !—What is human glory !  
Oft have I said, this cannot end in good ;  
This greatness hath been given him for a snare ;  
And this dark-reeling, giddy-paced ambition.  
For man still grasps at more—he cannot be  
Intrusted to his own discretion : Nought  
Restrains him, save the clear and settled law,  
The deeply-trodden track of old observance.  
Unnatural and unknown before, appear'd  
The power which war had placed in this man's hands,  
It made him for a time the Emperor's equal ;

His haughty spirit soon forgot to bow.

Alas ! alas ! for such a man ! for none

Methinks could stand secure, where he hath fall'n.

BUTTLER.

Spare these laments until he need compassion,

For strong and terrible is Friedland still.

The Swedes already are in march to Egra,

And soon, unless we suddenly prevent it,

The union will take place. That must not be.

The Prince must never stir from hence in freedom ;

For life and honour have I pledged to yield him

A prisoner, and I look for thine assistance.

GORDON.

O ! would that I had never seen this day !

From his own hand did I receive this post,

This castle he himself intrusted to me,

Which thou would'st have me change into his prison.

But the subaltern hath no choice : the free,

The mighty of the earth, alone may hear,

And heed the gentle voice of human feeling ;

The soldier is the creature of the law,

The fearful law ; and to the lowly man  
All virtues must be hopeless save obedience.

BUTTLER.

Grieve not because thy power is fetter'd thus—  
He who is free to act, is free to err—  
The narrow path of duty is the safest.

GORDON.

And have they all forsaken him ?—said'st thou all ?—  
The many thousands he hath raised to fortune ?  
For kingly was his bearing, and his hand  
For ever open to dispense its treasures.

[ *With a side glance at* BUTTLER.

Full many hath he rear'd from out the dust,  
To honours and to dignities advanced them ;  
And hath he not, with all his bounty, bought  
One friend, who, in his need, holds fast by him ?

BUTTLER.

Here lives one friend whom he had scarcely hoped for.

GORDON.

I have not felt the sunshine of his favour.  
Almost I doubt, if ever, midst his greatness,

He hath bethought him of the friend of youth.  
My duty kept me far from him ; his eye  
Lost me within these distant fortress walls ;  
Where, from his favour or his frown, apart  
I kept my purity of heart in peace.  
Yes ! when he placed me in this post—his heart  
Was earnest in its duty. I betray not  
His confidence, if firmly I maintain  
What to my faithful keeping was intrusted.

BUTTLER.

Speak—wilt thou execute the sentence on him,  
And lend me thine assistance to secure him ?

GORDON.

If it be so—if all be as thou say'st—  
If he hath been a traitor to the Emperor—  
If he hath sold the army, and would open  
This fortress to the foe—then—then there is  
No more deliverance for him. Yet 'tis hard  
That I, and I alone, of all, should be  
The man whom fate hath chosen to work his fall ;

For we were pages at the court at Burgau  
Together—I was elder of the two.

BUTTLER.

I do remember.

GORDON.

Thirty years are past  
Since, in the blooming youth of twenty years,  
The boldness of the future man was seen.  
Serious his bearing was beyond his years ;  
His thought still fix'd on great and manlike deeds ;  
Careless and calm he pass'd his fellows by—  
Companion to himself ; no childish joy  
Impell'd—no boyish sport had charm for him :  
But oft some wayward wondrous mood would seize him ;  
And, sudden sparkling from that mystic breast,  
Some lightning flash of thought would cleave its way,  
Till we would gaze upon each other, doubting  
If madness or a spirit spoke within him.

BUTTLER.

Was it not then that from a height he fell,  
As in a window he had fall'n asleep,

And all uninjured from the ground uprose ?  
For ever from that hour, 'tis said, at times  
Traces of madness in his mind were seen.

GORDON.

'Tis true, he grew more thoughtful, and became  
A Catholic. His strange deliverance  
Had strangely changed him. Now he deem'd himself  
Some highly-favour'd, heaven-protected being ;  
And bold as one whom fate had charm'd from fall,  
He trod secure the giddy cord of life.  
But far asunder, from that point, our paths  
In life divided. Down the road of greatness,  
With rapid reeling stride, I saw him go :  
First Count—then Prince—then Duke, and then Dictator—

All was too narrow for his grasp ; he stretch'd  
His hand to grasp a kingly crown, and sank  
At once into unfathomable ruin.

BUTTLER.

Break off—he comes.

## SCENE III.

*The same.* WALLENSTEIN. *The BURGOMASTER  
of Egra.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Your city once was free, yet I observe  
Ye bear the lessen'd Eagle in your arms.  
Why but the half?

BURGOMASTER.

Our city once was free;  
But for two centuries it hath been pledged  
To the Bohemian crown, and therefore 'tis  
We bear but the half Eagle in our arms.  
Meantime, the lower half is cancell'd, till  
Our crown redeem its pledge.

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye did deserve.



Your freedom. Be but patient. Give no heed  
To factious men. How highly are ye tax'd ?

BURGOMASTER.

Almost beyond our power. The garrison,  
Besides, must be supported at our cost.

WALLENSTEIN.

Your burdens shall be lighten'd. Answer me—  
Are there not Protestants within the town ?—  
'Tis so—I know it—Many still are hid  
Within these walls—Speak out—confess it freely  
Thyself—Is it not so ?

[*Fixing his eye upon him.* The BURGO-

MASTER *starts.*

Fear not—I hate

The Jesuits. Long since I would have sent them  
Far over the empire's bounds : Mass-book or Bible  
Alike to me !—I proved it to the world.  
In Glogau, I myself have made a church  
Be founded for the Protestants.—Now, listen—  
What is thy name ?

BURGOMASTER.

Pachhael, gracious Prince.

WALLENSTEIN.

List—but repeat not what I now unfold

In confidence unto thee.

*[Laying his hand on his shoulder with solemnity.]*

Burgomaster,

The fulness of the time at last is come.

The lofty shall be humbled from their seats,

The lowly be exalted. But be dumb—

The double Empire of the Spaniard draws

Fast to its close. A new and better order

Of things is in its birth. Ye saw of late

Three moons at once in heaven?

BURGOMASTER.

We did with terror.

Two changed into a bloody-dagger shape,

And disappear'd. One of the three alone,

The middle moon, shone on in all its brightness.

We deem'd it meant the Turk.

WALLENSTEIN.

The Turk! I tell thee,  
Two dynasties in blood shall disappear;  
Two kingdoms—in the East and in the West—  
Nought but the creed of Luther shall remain.—

[*Observing the two others.*

A sharp and long continued fire was heard  
This evening on the left, as hitherward  
We march'd.—Ye heard it in the fortress here?

GORDON.

We heard it well, my General. The sound  
Came loud upon the wind, as from the south.

BUTTLER.

It seem'd to come from Neustadt, or from Weiden.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is the road by which the Swedes approach—  
What is your garrison's amount?

GORDON.

A hundred

And eighty fit for war—the rest are invalids.

WALLENSTEIN.

How many are in Jochimsthal?

GORDON.

I sent

Two hundred musketeers but lately thither,  
To reinforce the post against the Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

Your foresight is praiseworthy. And these works  
Have been rebuilt: I saw them as I enter'd.

GORDON.

As we are press'd so closely by the Rhinegrave,  
I made two batteries be in haste erected.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou art a zealous servant of thine Emperor;  
And I am pleased with thee, Lieutenant-Colonel.—

[To BUTTLER.

The troops in Jochimsthal must be removed,  
With all that can impede the Swedes' arrival.

[To GORDON.

Within thy trusty keeping, Commandant,  
I leave my wife, my daughter, and my sister;

For here I make no long abode : I wait  
For letters only. When they come, I leave  
This fortress on the instant with my regiments.

## SCENE IV.

*The same.* TERZKY.

TERZKY.

O welcome messenger ! O joyful tidings !

WALLENSTEIN.

What is the news ?

TERZKY.

A battle hath been fought  
Near Neustadt, and the Swedes remain the victors.

WALLENSTEIN.

What say'st thou ? How has the report arrived ?

TERZKY.

A peasant brought the news from Tirschenreit ;  
'Twas after sunset that the fight began.

A body of Imperialists from Tachau,  
Burst all at once into the Swedish camp.  
Two hours the firing lasted ; on the field  
A thousand of the Emperor's troops are left—  
Their Colonel too ;—but more he could not tell.

## WALLENSTEIN.

How came Imperial troops so near to Neustadt ?  
That Altringer must move with wings : he stood  
Full fourteen miles \* from thence but yesterday.  
The troops of Gallas are but gathering  
At Frauenberg, and are not yet assembled.  
Could Suys have ventured to advance so far ?  
It cannot be.

[ILLO *appears*.

Now we shall know anon,  
For here comes Illo, joyful, and in haste.

---

\* About sixty English miles, or twenty leagues.

## SCENE V.

ILLO (*to WALLENSTEIN*).

A horseman from the Swedes would speak to thee.

TERZKY.

Speak—tell us—is the victory confirm'd?

WALLENSTEIN.

What does he bring?—whence comes he?

ILLO.

From the Rhinegrave;

And what he brings I will announce to thee:—

The Swedes are now encamp'd but five miles \* hence;

By Neustadt they were placed, when Piccolomini

Broke with his cavalry into their camp.

A fearful massacre took place, until

The weight of numbers at the last o'ercame,

---

\* About seven leagues.

And all the Pappenheimers, with the chief  
Who led them on, lie dead upon the field.

WALLENSTEIN.

Where is he? Bring me to him.

*[Is going out—NEUBRUNN rushes in, followed  
by Servants, who run across the Hall.]*

NEUBRUNN.

Help! O help!

ILLO and TERZKY.

What is the matter?

NEUBRUNN.

My lady——

WALLENSTEIN.

Knows she of it?

NEUBRUNN.

She is dying.

*[Flies out, followed by WALLENSTEIN and ILLO.]*



## SCENE VI.

BUTTLER *and* GORDON.GORDON (*astonished*).

Explain! What means this scene?

BUTTLER.

The man she loved,  
Is dead—This Piccolomini, who hath fall'n.

GORDON.

Unhappy lady!

BUTTLER.

Thou hast heard the news this Illo brought: The Swedes  
Draw near as conquerors.

GORDON.

Too well I heard it.

BUTTLER.

They are twelve regiments strong; and five beside,  
Thou know'st, are near at hand to guard the Duke.  
My regiment only is our own, and scarce  
Two hundred in the garrison are found.

GORDON.

Even so.

BUTTLER.

'Tis hopeless, with so small a force,  
To guard so perilous a prisoner.

GORDON.

I see it well.

BUTTLER.

The crowd would soon o'erpow'r us,  
And rescue him by force.

GORDON.

'Tis to be fear'd.

BUTTLER (*after a pause*).

Know, then, I am a hostage for the issue,  
My head is pledged for his—my word is given—  
That word must be redeem'd, whate'er betide ;  
And if the living cannot be retain'd,  
We may secure the DEAD.

GORDON.

How ! do I hear

Aright ? Almighty Heaven ! it cannot be.

BUTTLER.

He must not live.

GORDON.

And could'st thou do the deed?

BUTTLER.

Or thou, or I—he hath seen his latest morrow.

GORDON.

What, would'st thou murder him?—

BUTTLER.

*It is my purpose.*

GORDON.

Who trusted to thy faith!—

BUTTLER.

His fate impell'd him.

GORDON.

Thy General's sacred person.—

BUTTLER.

Such he *was*.

GORDON.

And what he *was* his crime cannot extinguish!

And thus unsentenced?

BUTTLER.

Execution were  
In place of sentence.

GORDON.

Nay, that were murder, and not justice ! Even  
The guiltiest must be heard ere we condemn.

BUTTLER.

His guilt is clear. The Emperor hath judged,  
And we have only to fulfil his will.

GORDON.

A doom of death must not be rashly done ;  
A word may be recall'd, but not a life.

BUTTLER.

Prompt service pleases kings.

GORDON.

No man of honour  
Would haste too rashly to a hangman's office.

BUTTLER.

No brave man e'er would blench at such a deed.

GORDON.

The brave man ventures life, but not his conscience.

BUTTLER.

What ! would'st thou set him loose again, to kindle  
The inextinguishable flame of war ?

GORDON.

Retain him—only slay him not ; prevent not,  
With bloody speed, the angel flight of Mercy.

BUTTLER.

Had not the Emperor's army been defeated,  
Perchance we might have still preserved his life.

GORDON.

Alas ! that e'er this fortress open'd to him !

BUTTLER.

The place is nothing—fate hath wrought his fall.

GORDON.

O, would that bravely by these castle walls,  
Guarding the Emperor's fortress, I had fallen !

BUTTLER.

And that a thousand should have perish'd with thee ?

GORDON.

Yes ! in their duty—they had died with honour ;  
But murder—Nature's ban is on the word.

BUTTLER (*taking out a writing*).

Here is the proclamation, that enjoins us  
To seize his person. See, it is address'd  
To thee as well as me. How wilt thou bear  
The consequence, if thus he shall escape  
To the foe?

GORDON.

I—helpless that I am—O, Heaven!

BUTTLER.

Look to thyself, and answer for the issue.  
Whate'er betide, I lay the blame on thee.

GORDON.

O, God in Heaven!

BUTTLER.

Know'st thou another course  
To execute the Emperor's sentence? Speak;  
I wish but to secure him—not destroy.

GORDON.

O Heaven, I see it must be as thou say'st;  
But in my breast my struggling heart rebels.

BUTTLER.

This Illo, and this Terzky too, must die.  
Shall they escape when Friedland's self must fall?

GORDON.

For them I feel no pity. Not the power  
Of evil stars, but their base hearts impell'd them :  
For they it was who in his peaceful breast  
First sow'd the poisonous seed of evil passions,  
And with accurs'd activity matured  
The fatal fruit within him. Let them reap  
The bitter wages of an evil service.

BUTTLER.

They shall precede him in their punishment—  
All is already settled. We had meant  
This evening, 'midst the banquet's revelry,  
To seize them living, and immure them here.  
*This* is the shorter course. Forthwith I haste  
To give the needful orders.

## SCENE VII.

*The same.* ILLO. TERZKY.

TERZKY.

Now all will soon be changed. To-morrow brings  
The Swedes,—twelve thousand trusty warriors.  
Then for Vienna ! Courage, old man !—Why  
So sad a face at such a joyful message ?

ILLO.

Ay ! Now *our* day is come to dictate laws,  
And wreak our vengeance on the coward hearts,  
The traitors that forsook us. One already,  
This Piccolomini, hath paid his due.  
Such be the fate of all who mean us ill !  
How heavily upon the old man's head  
Will fall this blow, who his long life hath toil'd  
To raise his ancient Countship to a Princedom,  
And all to dig his only son a grave !



BUTTLER.

I pity the heroic youth. The Duke  
Himself was strangely moved. I saw it well.

ILLO.

Hark thee, old friend—'Tis that which still displeased  
me

In the Prince. 'Twas mine eternal grudge against him,  
That these Italians were preferr'd for ever.  
Ay, by my soul, I swear it. Even now,  
The Duke would gladly see us ten times dead,  
Could but our deaths restore his friend to life.

TERZKY.

Peace ! peace ! no farther—let the dead repose :  
Think only who shall drink the other down.  
Thy regiment gives a banquet in the Castle—  
A jolly revel will we hold—the night  
Shall be as day for once ; and with full cups  
Will we await the Swedish guard's arrival.

ILLO.

Yes, let us taste the joys of peace to-night,  
For fiery days of action are before us.

This sword shall never rest within its sheath,  
Till bathed unto the hilt in Austria's blood.

GORDON.

For shame, Field Marshal ! what a speech was that !  
Why ravest thou so against thine Emperor ?

BUTTLER.

Hope not too much from this your first success,  
But think how swiftly Fortune turns her wheel ;  
For strong and fearful is the Emperor still.

ILLO.

The Emperor hath soldiers, but no leader.  
This Ferdinand of Hungary knows nought  
Of war ; and Gallas ever was unlucky—  
He was but born to be an army's ruin ;  
And for this snake Octavio, he may sting  
In secret in the heel, but cannot stand  
In fair and open fight before our Friedland.

TERZKY.

We cannot fail, believe me—Fortune will not  
Forsake the Duke ; for all men feel that Austria  
Can conquer only under Wallenstein.

ILLO.

The Prince will soon collect a powerful army ;  
All will again come thronging, streaming back,  
When he unfolds his old and glorious banner.  
The days of other years will yet return,  
And mighty as he hath been shall he be.  
How will the fools that now forsake his side,  
Repent their error when that day draws nigh !  
Lands will he give to all, and royally  
Reward their faithful services ; but we  
Shall ever be the foremost in his favour.

[To GORDON.

Thou too wilt be remember'd, and drawn forth  
From this retirement ; thy fidelity  
Shall shine more brightly in a loftier post.

GORDON.

I am content—I seek to climb no farther :  
The higher rising gives the deeper fall.

ILLO.

But here thou hast no more to do—to-morrow  
The Swedes will enter to the fortress. Come,

Terzky, 'tis almost supper-time—what say'st thou?  
Let us illuminate the town to-night  
In honour of the Swedes; and he that will not,  
He is a Spanish minion and a traitor.

TERZKY.

Nay, do not that—it would displease the Duke.

ILLO.

Are we not masters here? and who shall dare  
Confess himself Imperial where we rule?  
Gordon, good night; for the last time, thou may'st  
Look to the fort, send out patrols, and change  
Once more the watchword for security.  
Upon the stroke of ten bring thou the keys  
Unto the Duke—and then thine office ends.  
The Swedes will rid thee of the task to-morrow.

TERZKY (*as he goes out, to BUTTLER*).

You come then to the Castle?

BUTTLER.

At the time.

[*Exeunt TERZKY and ILLO.*]

## SCENE VIII.

BUTTLER. GORDON.

GORDON.

Unhappy wretches ! How suspicionless  
They reel into the outspread net of murder,  
In the blind drunkenness of victory !  
And yet I cannot pity them. This Illo,  
The bold, remorseless ruffian, who would bathe  
His hands i' the Emperor's blood !

BUTTLER.

Do thou obey

As he hath order'd : Send patrols around—  
Look to the safety of the fortress. Soon  
As they have enter'd I will close the gates,  
That nought of this may in the town transpire.

GORDON (*agitated*).

O, haste not so : First tell me——

BUTTLER.

Thou hast heard

To-morrow to the Swede belongs. To-night  
Alone is ours ; the enemy is swift ;  
We shall be swifter still—so, fare thee well.

GORDON.

Alas ! that glance of thine bodes nothing good.  
Promise——

BUTTLER.

The sun hath sunk, and over all  
A dim, eventful evening settles down ;  
Its darkness makes *them* sure. Their evil stars  
Give them defenceless to our hand, and, 'midst  
Their drunken dream of happiness, at once  
The sharpen'd steel shall cut their thread of life.  
The Prince was still a mighty calculator,  
All things could he foresee, and turn to profit ;  
Men were to him as puppets of the chessboard,  
The pawns with which he play'd his desp'rate game.  
What cared the Duke, although he staked and lost  
Another's honour, dignity, and fame ?

He reckon'd on and on, but yet, at last,  
The calculation errs, and he will find  
That he hath gambled life itself away ;—  
Even as these fools who ventured on his fortune.

GORDON.

O, Buttler ! think not of his failings now,  
Think of his magnanimity, his mildness,  
The kindly feelings of his princely heart ;  
Think of the noble actions of his life,  
And let their memory, like a pleading angel,  
Arrest the sword of vengeance ere it fall.

BUTTLER.

It is too late. I cannot feel compassion.  
It is no time for aught but thoughts of blood.

[ *Clasping GORDON's hand.*

Gordon ! no hate of mine—although, in sooth,  
I do not love the Duke, and have no cause—  
No hate of mine makes me his murderer.  
It is his evil destiny, the dark  
Conspiracy of hostile circumstance.  
Vain man believes that he is free to act ;

Yet is he but the poor and helpless plaything  
Of the blind power, that from his will itself  
Shapes out for him a dread necessity.  
What matters it, if something plead for him  
Within me?—not the less must I destroy him.

GORDON.

Oh ! if thy heart speak thus, obey its warning ;  
The heart's dark instinct is the voice of God,  
And calculation but the work of man.  
Alas ! what happiness hath ever sprung  
From bloody deeds ? O, blood doth never prosper !  
Will murder be the footstool of thy greatness ?  
Believe it not—Monarchs may smile at times  
On *murder*, never on the *murderer*.

BUTTLER.

Thou know'st not—Ask no farther—Wherefore must  
The conquering Swedes advance so fast ? O, gladly  
Would I have left him to the Emperor's mercy.  
I would not shed his blood—No, he should live ;  
But that the pledge I gave must be redeem'd—



And he must die, or—listen, then, and know—  
*I* am dishonour'd if the Prince escape.

GORDON.

And yet to save a man like this——

BUTTLER (*quickly*).

What then?

GORDON.

Were worthy of some sacrifice. Be noble!  
The heart, and not opinion, honours man.

BUTTLER (*coldly and proudly*).

He is a mighty lord, the Prince; and I  
Am but a nameless being, thou would'st say.  
What cares the world, although the lowly born  
Disgrace or dignify the name he bears,  
So that the princely head be safe from danger?  
But each man rates his worth. How highly *I*  
May fix *my* value, that is *mine* to judge.  
Nor lives on earth the man, so proudly raised,  
That I will bend me to the dust before him.  
Man's *will* it is that makes him great or mean;  
If I am true to mine—then *he* must die.

GORDON.

Alas ! I do but strive to move a rock !  
Though born a man, thou bear'st no human feeling !  
Thy deed I cannot hinder—but may Heaven  
Deliver him from out thy fearful hand !

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IX.

THEKLA *in a chair, pale, and with her eyes closed.*

DUCHESS, FRAEULEIN, VON NEUBRUNN, *employed about her.* WALLENSTEIN *and the* COUNTESS  
*in conversation.*

WALLENSTEIN.

How knew she this so suddenly ?

COUNTESS.

She seem'd

To have presaged misfortune. The report  
Of an engagement startled her, in which

A Colonel of the Imperialists had fall'n.  
I saw it instantly. She flew to meet  
The Swedish courier, and extorted from him,  
With swift entreaty, the unhappy secret.  
Too late we miss'd and hurried after her ;  
We found her fainting in the stranger's arms.

WALLENSTEIN.

And did the blow fall thus unlook'd for on thee,  
My hapless child?—How is it—Is she better?

[*Turning to the* DUCHESS.

DUCHESS.

Her eyes unclose again.

COUNTESS.

She lives.

THEKLA (*looking around her*).

Where am I?

WALLENSTEIN (*advancing, and supporting her  
in his arms*).

Come—rouse thee, Thekla ! Be my noble maiden—  
Look on thy mother's loving countenance—  
Look on thy father's arms that here enfold thee.

THEKLA (*raising herself*).

Where is he?—Is he gone then?

DUCHESS.

Who, my daughter?

THEKLA.

The man—that bore this evil message hither.

DUCHESS.

No more,—O think no more of that, my child!  
From that dark image turn thy thoughts away.

WALLENSTEIN.

Nay, let her sorrow speak!—her wail be heard!  
Her mother's tears be mingled with her own,  
For Fate hath tried her with a painful pang!  
But she will bear it bravely—for my Thekla  
Inherits all her father's constant heart.

THEKLA.

I am not feeble—I have strength to stand.  
Why weeps my mother?—Have I startled her?—  
The pang is o'er—I am myself again.—  
Where is this man?—Conceal him not from me;  
For I am strong enough—and I will hear him.

DUCHESS.

No, Thekla, no—This evil messenger  
Shall never more appear before thine eyes.

THEKLA.

My father!—

WALLENSTEIN.

Dearest child!

THEKLA.

I am not weak—

Anon I shall be better—Only grant me  
A single boon.

WALLENSTEIN.

What is it?

THEKLA.

Let this stranger

Be summon'd hither, and let me alone  
Receive and question him.

DUCHESS.

O never—never!

COUNTESS.

It cannot be—'Twere folly—Yield not to it.

## WALLENSTEIN.

Why should'st thou wish to speak to him, my daughter ?

## THEKLA.

I shall be calmer when I know the whole.

I will not be deceived ; I know my mother

But seeks to spare me—I will not be spared.

The worst is said already—Nought remains

More terrible to hear.

## COUNTESS.

O, do it not !

## THEKLA.

I was at first o'ermaster'd by my terrors.

My heart betray'd me in the stranger's presence—

He was a witness of my weakness—Yes !

I sank into his arms—I shame to say so.

I must restore myself in his opinion,

And speak to him with fortitude, that so

The stranger may not meanly think of me.

## WALLENSTEIN.

I feel that she is right ; and am inclined

To grant the boon she asks. Go, call him hither !

[NEUBRUNN goes out.]

DUCHESS.

But I, thy mother, will remain beside thee.

THEKLA.

Nay, I would rather speak with him alone—  
Alone, methinks that I could bear it better.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the* DUCHESS).

So be it—let her speak with him alone.  
Some griefs there are, where man must look for help  
But from himself,—where the strong heart must place  
Its best reliance on its own endurance.  
From her own heart, not from another's aid,  
Must she derive the strength to bear the blow.  
She is my noble maid, and shall be treated  
Not like the woman, but the heroine.

[*Going.*

COUNTESS.

Where dost thou go? I heard my husband say,  
Thou mean'st to-morrow to depart from hence,  
And leave us here behind.

WALLENSTEIN.

Yes, ye remain  
In the protection of a brave man's keeping.

COUNTESS.

O, take us with thee, brother ! Leave us not,  
Amidst this gloomy loneliness, to wait  
With feverish expectation for the issue.  
The present evil may be lightly borne ;  
But to a dark distorted magnitude,  
Do doubt and distance swell the future ill.

WALLENSTEIN.

Who speaks to me of evil fortune now ?  
Amend thy speech—far other hopes are mine.

COUNTESS.

Then take us with thee ! Leave us not behind,  
Within this spot of mournful augury !  
My heart grows heavy in these walls—the air  
Breathes like the vapour of a vault around me ;  
I cannot tell thee how I loathe its look—  
O take us hence !—Come, sister, beg of him  
To take us with him !—Help me, dearest niece !

WALLENSTEIN.

The place's evil omens I will change—  
It shall be that which held my dearest treasures.



NEUBRUNN.

The Swedish Captain——

WALLENSTEIN.

Leave them here alone.

DUCHESS (*to THEKLA*).

See, thou art pale already, child! Thou canst not  
Speak to this stranger—Come with me, thy mother.

THEKLA.

Then Neubrunn may remain at hand.

## SCENE X.

THEKLA. *The Swedish* CAPTAIN. NEUBRUNN.CAPTAIN (*approaching respectfully*).

Princess, I must entreat thee to forgive  
My rash unthinking word—I could not know—

THEKLA (*with noble dignity*).

Thou saw'st me in my grief—A hapless chance  
Made thee my confident, although a stranger.

CAPTAIN.

I fear, my presence must be hateful to thee—  
I was the bearer of a mournful message.

THEKLA.

The blame was mine. 'Twas I that forced it from thee;  
Thy voice was but the voice of destiny.  
My terror interrupted the recital  
Thou hadst begun : I prithee end it now.

CAPTAIN.

Nay, ask not, Princess—'twill renew thy grief.

THEKLA.

I am prepared for't—I *will be* prepared—  
Go on—How went the battle?—Tell me all.

CAPTAIN.

At Neustadt, dreading no surprise, and weakly  
Intrench'd within its camp, our army lay,  
When, as the evening fell, a cloud of dust  
Rose from the forest, and our outposts fled  
Into the camp, and cried, The foe was there!—  
Scarce had we time to vault into the seat,  
When, in the thunder of their full career,

The Pappenheimers o'er the barrier broke ;  
And soon the trenches that surrounded us,  
Those stormy squadrons left behind them too.  
But thoughtlessly their courage had impell'd them  
Before their comrades—far behind them lay  
Their infantry :—the Pappenheimers only  
Bold following where their bold commander led.—

[THEKLA is agitated. The CAPTAIN pauses  
a little till she gives him a sign to proceed.

Then, in the front and on the flank we charged  
The coming troop with all our cavalry,  
And drove them backward to the trenches' edge,  
Where, form'd in haste, our infantry presented  
A palisade of pikes to bar their passage.  
No step could they advance—no step retreat,  
Wedge'd in the deadly pressure of the throng.  
'Twas then the Rhinegrave to their leader call'd,  
In honourable fight to yield with honour ;—  
But Colonel Piccolomini—

[THEKLA, growing giddy, clasps hold of a chair.

—We knew him

By his high plumage and his waving hair,  
Which, in his rapid ride, the wind had loosen'd—  
Points to the trench, and o'er the yawning depth  
First leaps his gallant steed himself—the regiment  
Follow—but in an instant—all was over !—  
Pierced by a partizan, his horse rears up  
In madness—hurls his rider far away—  
And fiercely o'er him rolls the fiery tramp  
Of flying steeds that heed nor bit nor bridle !

[THEKLA, *who has listened to this last speech  
with every mark of increasing anguish, falls  
into a violent trembling, and is about to fall.*  
NEUBRUNN *flies to her, and receives her in  
his arms.*

NEUBRUNN.

My dearest lady !

CAPTAIN.

I had best begone.

THEKLA.

The pang is over—Bring it to a close.

## CAPTAIN.

Soon as they saw their leader fall, a grim  
And savage desperation seized his troops.  
All reckless of their own escape, they fought  
With the ferocity of tigers—till  
Their madness raised our fury too, nor ceased  
The fight until the latest foe had fall'n.

THEKLA (*her voice quivering*).

And where—where is—Thou hast not told me all.—

CAPTAIN (*after a pause*).

This morning we have buried him. Twelve youths  
Of noblest lineage bore him to his grave,  
And all our troops accompanied the bier.  
A laurel deck'd his coffin, and thereon  
The Rhinegrave laid his own victorious sword.  
Nor were tears wanting to his early fate ;  
For many were among us, who had known  
His nobleness of heart and gentle bearing,  
And all were moved at his sad end. The Rhinegrave  
Would willingly have saved him, but himself.

Prevented it.—'Tis said—he wish'd to die.

[THEKLA *covers her face*.

NEUBRUNN.

My dearest lady—Come, look up—O, why  
Would'st thou persist in this?

THEKLA.

Where is his grave?

CAPTAIN.

At Neustadt, in a cloister, we have laid him,  
Till we receive instructions from his father.

THEKLA.

How is the cloister named?

CAPTAIN.

Saint Catharine's.

THEKLA.

How far is it from hence?

CAPTAIN.

Seven miles, my lady.\*

---

\* About ten leagues.

THEKLA.

How lies the way to it ?

CAPTAIN.

By Tirschenreit

And Falkenberg, and through our farthest outposts.

THEKLA.

And who commands them ?

CAPTAIN.

Colonel Seckendorf.

THEKLA (*taking a ring from a casket on the table*).

Thou hast seen me in my grief—and thou hast shown  
me

A sympathizing heart—Receive from me

A small memorial of this hour.—Now, go.—

CAPTAIN (*overpowered*).

Princess !

[THEKLA *motions to him silently to go, and turns  
from him. He lingers and attempts to speak.*

NEUBRUNN *repeats the signal. He goes.*

## SCENE XI.

THEKLA.

Now—now, good Neubrunn, may'st thou show that love  
Which thou hast ever vow'd to me—Now prove  
Thyself my faithful friend and true attendant,  
For we must forth to-night.

NEUBRUNN.

To-night?—and whither?

THEKLA.

Whither?—there is but *one* place in the world—  
The spot where *he* lies buried—TO HIS GRAVE.

NEUBRUNN.

What would'st thou do, my dearest lady, there?

THEKLA.

What would I do?—unhappy girl!—thou would'st not  
Have ask'd that question had'st thou ever loved.  
There—there is all that yet remains of him,  
That little spot is all the world to me.



O, seek not to detain me. Come, prepare—  
Think only how we may escape from hence.

NEUBRUNN.

Hast thou reflected on thy father's wrath?

THEKLA.

I dread the anger of no mortal more.

NEUBRUNN.

The world's cold sneer, the evil tongue of slander?

THEKLA.

I seek for him who is not of this world.

What! am I hurrying to a lover's arms?

O God, I am but hasting to his grave!

NEUBRUNN.

But then alone, two helpless, feeble women!

THEKLA.

We shall be weapon'd, and mine arm shall guard thee.

NEUBRUNN.

But in the gloomy night?

THEKLA.

Night will conceal us.

NEUBRUNN.

In this rude time of tempest ?

THEKLA.

And was *he*

Soft bedded when the horses' hoofs went o'er him ?

NEUBRUNN.

O Heaven ! And then the many hostile posts ?

They will not give us passage.

THEKLA.

They are men.

Misfortune passes free through all the earth.

NEUBRUNN.

But the long journey ?

THEKLA.

Does the pilgrim count

The miles when journeying to the distant shrine ?

NEUBRUNN.

'Tis hopeless—we shall ne'er escape from hence.

THEKLA.

Yes, gold will open gates. O, go at once.

NEUBRUNN.

If we are known?

THEKLA.

In a despairing woman,  
A fugitive—who seeks for Friedland's daughter?

NEUBRUNN.

Where shall we find the horses for our flight?

THEKLA.

My Equerry will find them. Go and call him.

NEUBRUNN.

But will he dare without his master's knowledge?

THEKLA.

He will—he will. O go—delay no longer!

NEUBRUNN.

Ah! what will be thy hapless mother's fate,  
When we are gone for ever?

THEKLA (*recollecting herself, and with a look of  
anguish*).

O, my mother!—

NEUBRUNN.

Thy mother, who hath borne so much already—  
And must she bear this last and heaviest blow?

THEKLA.

Alas ! I cannot spare her—Go—now go.

NEUBRUNN.

O think once more, think well what thou would'st do !

THEKLA.

All I can think hath been already ponder'd.

NEUBRUNN.

What could'st thou do if we were there, dear mistress ?

THEKLA.

God will direct me there what I should do.

NEUBRUNN.

Thy heart is full of trouble, dearest lady—

That path is not the path that leads to rest.

THEKLA.

To that deep rest, which *he* hath found already.

O hasten, fly—stay not to question longer.

Some power, I know not what to call it, draws me,

Impels me forth, resistless, to his grave :

I feel that there my heart will soon be lighten'd ;

This suffocating band of sorrow will

Be slacken'd, and my tears will flow again.

O go ! we might have been already gone.  
I cannot rest till I have left these walls  
Behind—their arches seem to close and crush me,  
And warning voices, as of spirits, cry—  
Begone !—O God ! what feeling's this comes o'er me ?  
The rooms of this accursed house are filling  
With pale, and gaunt, and ghastly forms of men—  
There is no room for me. What ! more and more ?  
Still closer crowd the horrid swarm ! They drive me  
Forth from these fated walls—the living spectres !

## NEUBRUNN.

You terrify me, lady. I myself  
Dare not remain here longer. I will go  
And summon Rosenberg.

## SCENE XII.

THEKLA *alone.*

It is his spirit calls me ; 'tis the host  
Of faithful hearts that died t' avenge his fall—

They beckon me, they chide my cold delay ;  
They would not, even in death, forsake the man  
Who in their life had led them. Their rude hearts  
Were capable of this, and shall *I* live ?

Ah, no ! the laurel garland which they wove  
To deck thine early bier, for mine was braided :  
What is this life without the light of love ?  
I cast it from me, for its bloom hath faded.  
Yes, when I loved, and felt thy love was given,  
Then life indeed was something. Glittering lay  
The golden radiance of a new-born day,  
And life was for an hour a dream of heaven !

Thou stood'st as on life's threshold, newly lighted,  
When first I cross'd it with a maiden fear ;  
A thousand suns to gild my path united,  
And thou wert like an angel station'd near ;  
From childhood's fairy land to lead me forth,  
On to life's eminence my guide to be ;  
My first sensation was of heavenly birth !

My first fond look of love was fix'd on thee!

[*She sinks into a reverie, then proceeds, with signs  
of horror.*

But fate put forth its hand, and rude and cold,  
With iron grasp it crush'd thy tender mould;  
Beneath the horses' hoofs that frame was hurl'd—  
So fares it with the lovely in this world.

### SCENE XIII.

THEKLA. FRAUELEIN NEUBRUNN. ROSENBERG.

NEUBRUNN.

He is here, lady, and he will procure them.

THEKLA.

Wilt thou provide us horses, Rosenberg?

ROSENBERG.

I will, my lady.

THEKLA.

Wilt thou go with us?

ROSENBERG.

To the world's end, my lady.

THEKLA.

But, bethink thee,

Thou never canst return unto the Duke.

ROSENBERG.

No, I remain with thee.

THEKLA.

I will reward thee,

And will commend thee to another master.

Canst thou, then, lead us undiscover'd hence?

ROSENBERG.

I can.

THEKLA.

When can we go?

ROSENBERG.

Within an hour.

But whither would'st thou go?

THEKLA.

To——Tell him, Neubrunn.

NEUBRUNN.

To Neustadt.



## THE DEATH

ROSENBERG.

Well: I hasten to procure them.

[*Exit.*

NEUBRUNN.

Dear lady, here thy mother comes.

THEKLA.

O Heaven!

## SCENE XIV.

THEKLA. NEUBRUNN. DUCHESS.

DUCHESS.

The messenger is gone—I find thee calmer.

THEKLA.

I am so, mother. Let me only now

Go soon to bed, and Neubrunn wait beside me—

I need repose.

DUCHESS.

And thou shalt have it, Thekla.

I go consoled away, since I can calm  
Thy father's heart.

THEKLA.

Good night, then, dearest mother !

*[Falls on her neck, and embraces her with the  
utmost agitation.]*

DUCHESS.

Thou art not wholly calm even yet, my daughter—  
I feel thee tremble strongly, and thy heart  
Beats audibly on mine.

THEKLA.

Sleep will compose  
Its beating. Now, good night, beloved mother !—  
*[As she separates herself from her Mother's arms,  
the Curtain falls.]*

END OF ACT FOURTH.

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.

*Buttler's Chamber.*

BUTTLER. MAJOR GERALDIN.

BUTTLER.

SEEK out twelve active troopers on the instant,  
Arm them with pikes—no shot must here be heard—  
Place them beside the banquet-hall, and when  
The banquet comes, press in and cry—Who's here  
For the Emperor?—I will o'erturn the table,  
Then throw yourselves on both, and strike them down.  
Meantime the castle must be watch'd and barr'd,  
That no report of this may reach the Duke.  
Now go.—Hast sent my message to Macdonald  
And Captain Devereux?

GERALDIN.

They are in waiting.

BUTTLER.

No moment must be lost—the very Townsmen  
Declare for him. I know not how this sudden  
And giddy spirit hath possess'd the town—  
They look upon him as some Prince of Peace,  
The new Creator of a Golden Era.  
The Magistrates have dealt out arms, and sent  
Their hundred to keep watch about his person.  
So must we then be speedy in our act,  
For foes within and from without assail us.

## SCENE II.

BUTTLER. CAPTAIN DEVEREUX. MACDONALD.

MACDONALD.

Now, General, we are here.

DEVEREUX.

What is the watchword?

BUTTLER.

Long live the Emperor !

MACDONALD and DEVEREUX (*drawing back.*)

How !

BUTTLER.

The House of Austria !

DEVEREUX.

Was't not to Friedland that we pledged our faith ?

MACDONALD.

Did'st thou not lead us hither to protect him ?

BUTTLER.

Protect a traitor, and the Empire's foe ?

DEVEREUX.

Was't not thyself that prompted us to join him ?

MACDONALD.

Hast thou not follow'd him thyself to Egra ?

BUTTLER.

I did—but the more surely to destroy him.

DEVEREUX.

Indeed !

MACDONALD.

Ha ! then the case is alter'd.

BUTTLE (to DEVEREUX).

Wretch—

Swervest thou so lightly from thy flag and faith ?

DEVEREUX.

The devil ! I did but follow thine example :

If thou could'st be a villain, so might I.

MACDONALD.

We think not of it—that is thy concern.

Thou art the General—thou commandest here—

We follow, though the road should lead to hell.

BUTTLE (*more coolly*).

So, then, we know each other.

MACDONALD.

Ay ! methinks.

DEVEREUX.

Soldiers we are of Fortune—he who bids

The highest for us buys us.

MACDONALD.

Even so.

BUTTLER.

Soldiers of honour ye will still remain.

DEVEREUX.

We would be so.

BUTTLER.

Your fortunes will be made.

MACDONALD.

That is still better.

BUTTLER.

Listen, then—

MACDONALD *and* DEVEREUX.

We do.

BUTTLER.

It is the Emperor's will and ordinance,

Alive or dead, the Duke must be secured.

DEVEREUX.

Is it so written?

MACDONALD.

Yes, alive or dead!

BUTTLER.

And costly recompense of gold and lands

Awaits the man that executes the deed.

DEVEREUX.

All this sounds well—The words that come from court  
Sound ever well, but we have known their value.  
Some golden chain perhaps, some worn-out steed,  
Some mouldy parchment dignity—and so forth.—  
The Prince pays better.

MACDONALD.

Ay, the Prince is noble.

BUTTLER.

His day is out. His fortune's star hath set.

MACDONALD.

Is't certain?

BUTTLER.

I have told ye.

DEVEREUX.

Is his fortune

For ever gone?

BUTTLER.

For ever and for ever.

He is as poor as we.



MACDONALD.

As poor as we !

DEVEREUX.

It must be so. Macdonald, we must leave him.

BUTTLER.

By twenty thousand he is left already.

We must do more, my friends—Once and for all,

He must be MURDER'D !

[*Both draw back.*]

MACDONALD *and* DEVEREUX.

Murder'd !

BUTTLER.

Murder'd—Ay !—

And therefore have I chosen you.

MACDONALD *and* DEVEREUX.

Chosen us !

BUTTLER.

You, Captain Devereux—and you, Macdonald.

DEVEREUX (*after a pause*).

Then choose another—

MACDONALD.

Yes, choose out another.

BUTTLE (to DEVEREUX).

How ! coward, dost thou tremble ? *thou*, who hast  
Thy thirty souls already on thy conscience ?

DEVEREUX.

But then, against our General—think of that.

MACDONALD.

The man to whom we both have pledged our oath.

BUTTLE.

The oath is voided, for his faith is broken.

DEVEREUX.

Buttler, it is too horrible a deed.

MACDONALD.

Ay, true ! Think'st thou we have *no* conscience left ?

DEVEREUX.

Had he not been the chief who hath so long  
Commanded our respect and our obedience—

BUTTLE.

Is that the bar ?

DEVEREUX.

Yes ; any one but him :

Even in mine own son's bosom would I plunge  
The sword, if the Emperor's service did demand it ;  
But we are soldiers, and to murder thus  
Our GENERAL, that were a sin and crime  
From which no prayer, no penance, could absolve.

BUTTLER.

I am thy Pope, and will absolve thee—Quick,  
Resolve—

DEVEREUX (*stands musingly*).

It cannot be.

MACDONALD.

It cannot be.

BUTTLER.

Now, then, begone, and send me Pestaluzzi.

DEVEREUX (*starts*).

Ha !—Pestaluzzi !

MACDONALD.

What would'st thou with him ?

BUTTLER.

If ye refuse, enough are to be found.

DEVEREUX.

Nay, if he *must* fall, *we* may even as well  
Reap the reward as others. What say'st *thou*,  
Brother Macdonald?

MACDONALD.

Yes, if he *must* die,  
If nothing can avert his fate, why then  
This Pestaluzzi shall not be the gainer.

DEVEREUX.

When must the deed be done?

BUTTLER.

This very night;  
To-morrow will the Swede be at our gates.

DEVEREUX.

And thou wilt answer for the issue, General?

BUTTLER.

I answer for the whole.

DEVEREUX.

But is't his will?—

The Emperor's plain command ? For we have known  
The murder please, and yet the murderer punish'd.

BUTTLER.

" Alive or dead," the proclamation saith ;  
And thou thyself must see the first is hopeless.

DEVEREUX.

Dead—dead—so be it then—But how to gain  
Admittance ?—Terzky's troops have fill'd the town.

MACDONALD.

And Terzky too and Illo—both are here.

BUTTLER.

We must begin with them—but that is look'd to.

DEVEREUX.

What ! must they die too ?

BUTTLER.

Ay, before the Duke.

MACDONALD.

Oh, Devereux, 'twill be a bloody evening !

DEVEREUX.

Hast chosen thy man for that ?—O, send me thither !

BUTTLER.

That task is given to Major Geraldin.  
There is a festival to-night—a banquet  
Takes place within the castle ; there, at table,  
We must o'erpower these men, and cut them down :  
Leslie and Pestaluzzi will be near.

DEVEREUX.

Stay, General—to thee 'tis all alike ;  
Hark thee ! let me exchange with Geraldin.

BUTTLER.

There is less danger with the Duke.

DEVEREUX.

The Devil !

Less danger ?—How ?—What dost thou think of me ?  
'Tis the Duke's eye, and not his sword, I fear.—

BUTTLER.

How should his eye alarm thee ?

DEVEREUX.

Heaven and hell !

Thou know'st me well—thou know'st I am no coward.  
But scarce eight days are over, since the Duke

Gave me himself some twenty golden pieces,  
To buy me this warm coat, which now I wear ;  
And when he sees me raise my pike against him,  
And looks upon this coat—O then—then—then—  
The devil take me if I am a coward !

BUTTLER.

The Duke, thou say'st, gave thee the coat thou wear'st,  
And thou, poor wretch, dost hesitate for that,  
To drive thy weapon through a traitor's body !  
Did not the Emperor hang a warmer cloak  
About him, even the princely robe, and how  
Hath he repaid him ?—With revolt and treachery.

DEVEREUX.

It is too true—To hell with gratitude !  
So be it then—he dies !

BUTTLER.

And would'st thou quiet  
Thy conscience, lay this coat of thine aside—  
So may'st thou then untrammell'd do the deed.

MACDONALD.

Yet there is something still behind to think of.

BUTTLER.

What something still remains behind, Macdonald?

MACDONALD.

What will our shot or steel avail against him?

He is invulnerable—he is fast.

BUTTLER.

What say'st thou?

MACDONALD.

Safe from shot or stroke. He bears

A charmed life, by hellish arts protected—

A frame impassible to mortal arms.

DEVEREUX.

So—so. In Ingolstadt I do remember

Of one whose skin was strong as steel; at last

With muskets we were forced to beat him down.

MACDONALD.

List then what I will do.

DEVEREUX.

Say on.

MACDONALD.

I know



A friar here of the Dominicans ;  
He is my countryman, and he shall dip  
My sword and pike in consecrated water,  
And speak a powerful blessing over them—  
That charm is potent against every spell.

BUTTLER.

Do so, Macdonald. But now, haste, begone.  
Choose from among the regiment twenty, thirty  
Strong-handed fellows—Let them take the oath.  
Soon as eleven hath struck, and the first watch  
Hath gone its round, bring them in deepest silence  
Into the house—I will myself be nigh.

DEVEREUX.

But how shall we escape the guards and sentries  
That keep the watch within the inner court ?

BUTTLER.

I have examined all the place already ;  
By a back portal I will lead you in,  
At which a single sentinel is station'd.  
My rank and office give me at all hours  
Admission to the Duke. I will precede you,

And swiftly with a dagger-stab dispatch  
The sentry, and make way for your admission.

DEVEREUX.

And when we are within, how shall we gain  
The sleeping chamber of the Prince, before  
His retinue awake, and give the alarm?  
For with a numerous household he is here.

BUTTLER.

They lodge on the right wing—the Prince, who hates  
All noise, sleeps on the left, and quite alone.

DEVEREUX.

O, would that it were done and o'er, Macdonald!  
I have a strange infernal feeling here!

MACDONALD.

And so have I. He is too great a victim.  
The world will say—this was a villain's deed.

BUTTLER.

In honour and abundance, ye may laugh  
At men's opinion, and despise their sentence.

DEVEREUX.

Were it but sure our honour would be safe.

BUTTLER.

Be sure of that—Ye save the Emperor's crown  
And empire—The reward will not be mean.

DEVEREUX.

Was it his purpose to dethrone the Emperor ?

BUTTLER.

Even so—of crown and life at once to rob him.

DEVEREUX.

And would he fall then by the headsman's hand,  
Even if we drag him living to Vienna ?

BUTTLER.

He never could escape that fate.

DEVEREUX.

Then come,

Macdonald—like a warrior he shall die,  
And fall with honour by a soldier's hand.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*A Hall leading into a Gallery, which loses itself in the distance behind.*

WALLENSTEIN *seated at a Table—the Swedish Captain standing near.* Soon after, COUNTESS TERZKY.

WALLENSTEIN.

Commend me to your master—say, I share  
In his good fortune. If I seem to show  
A joy less lively than the news thou bring'st,  
Of victory, may seem to claim—believe me,  
It is not that I do not feel rejoicing ;  
Henceforth his fortune must be mine. Farewell.  
I thank you for your labour. Say, the fortress  
To-morrow shall be open'd when ye come.

[*The Swede goes out.* WALLENSTEIN *sits in deep thought, looking out fixedly before him, his*

*head leaning on his hand. COUNTESS TERZKY enters, and remains beside him some time unnoticed. At last he makes a sudden movement, sees her, and addresses her quickly.*

Com'st thou from *her*? How is she? Is she better?

COUNTESS.

She hath been calmer since her conference,  
My sister says. She hath retired to bed.

WALLENSTEIN.

Her grief will grow more gentle. She will weep.

COUNTESS.

Thou too, my brother, art not as thou wert:  
After a conquest, I had hoped to find thee  
More cheerful. O, be firm—Support us all;  
For thou art as our light and as our sun.

WALLENSTEIN.

Be calm—be calm—'Tis nothing. Where's thy husband?

COUNTESS.

They are at the banquet—he and Illo too.

WALLENSTEIN (*rises, and paces through the hall*).

'Tis dark already—Go thou to thy chamber.

COUNTESS.

Bid me not go—let me remain beside thee.

WALLENSTEIN (*standing at the window*).

There is a busy muster in the heavens—

The nightwind hunts the castle flag—swift fly

The driving clouds—the moon her sickle shakes,

And through the night scatters uncertain gleams.

No star is in the sky: Yon languid ray,

That twinkles lonely, streams from Cassiopeia,

And thereabout is Jupiter; but yet

The darkness of the storm-cloud covers him.

[*He sinks into meditation, and looks out with  
fixed attention.*]

COUNTESS (*looking on him mournfully, and clasping  
him by the hand*).

What dost thou think of? Tell me, Wallenstein.

WALLENSTEIN.

Methinks if I but saw him, it were well:

He is the star that shone upon my life,

And often hath the sight of him inspired me  
With wond'rous strength.

COUNTESS.

Thou wilt see him yet again.

WALLENSTEIN (*who has again sunk into abstraction,*  
*rouses himself, and turns hastily to the COUNTESS*).

See him again—O never, never!

COUNTESS.

How?

WALLENSTEIN.

For he is dead—is dust.

COUNTESS.

Whom dost thou mean?

WALLENSTEIN.

HE is the happy one—His race is run.

For him there is no future more—with him

Fate plays no more its treacherous game, his life

Lies foldless all and clear before his eye—

No spot lurks darkly now—no hour for him,

With evil-boding stroke, can knell again!

High above hope and dread, beyond the sphere

Of these inconstant, these perfidious planets—  
O, well with him ! but who shall say what fate  
For us the dark approaching hour may bring ?

COUNTESS.

Thou speak'st of Piccolomini—How died he ?  
The messenger went hence even as I came.

[WALLENSTEIN *motions to her with his hand to  
be silent.*

O, look not back upon the gloomy past,  
But forth into the clearer coming day.  
Think of the prize, forget the price it cost.  
Think not to-day that thou hast lost thy friend,  
For when he left thy side he died to thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

I know I shall forget the blow at last ;  
What will not man forget ? From things most dear,  
Even as from things most common, is he wean'd  
By the omnipotence of circumstance.  
But well I feel what I have lost in him.  
The flower is faded from my way of life,  
And cold and dreary lies the path before me ;



For he was like the spirit of my youth,  
Making reality a lovely dream,  
And with the magic mists of morning gilding  
The bare and naked nothingness of things ;  
In the pure flame of feeling and of love  
The worn and daily forms of life exalting,  
Till I myself have wonder'd at the change.  
Yes, I may struggle onward ; but the dream—  
The dream of life is gone—*that* comes no more ;  
For what are Fortune's gifts without the friend,  
Who feels our joy, and doubles while he shares it ?

## COUNTESS.

Droop not, nor doubt of thine own strength ; thy heart  
Is rich enough to need no other impulse.  
The virtues which thou lovest and prizest in him,  
Thou hast thyself implanted and unfolded.

WALLENSTEIN (*going to the door*).

Who comes to us so late at night ?—It is  
The commandant. He brings the fortress-keys.—  
Leave us, my sister—Midnight is at hand.

COUNTESS.

Alas ! to-night I scarce can bear to leave thee,  
And fear sits heavy on me.

WALLENSTEIN.

Fear ?—of what ?

COUNTESS.

Thou may'st be taken from us in the night,  
And we may wake and find thee never more.

WALLENSTEIN.

Mere phantoms of the brain !—

COUNTESS.

—My soul hath been

Long harass'd by some dark presentiments ;  
And when I combat them awake, they fall  
In sleep upon my heart in fearful dreams.  
Methought I saw thee yesternight beside  
Thy former wife, at table, richly dress'd——

WALLENSTEIN.

That is a dream of happy augury ;  
That marriage was the footstool of my fortunes.

COUNTESS.

To-day I dreamt I sought thee in thy chamber.  
I enter'd ; when I look'd around, it was not  
Thy chamber, but the monast'ry at Gitschin,  
Which thou hast built, and where thou would'st be  
buried.

WALLENSTEIN.

One painful thought preoccupies thy mind.

COUNTESS.

How ? Deem'st thou not that warning voices speak,  
Prophetic of our fate, to us in dreams ?

WALLENSTEIN.

There are such voices, that is doubtless ; yet  
Not WARNING VOICES, since they but foretell  
That which is fix'd and unavoidable.  
Even as the sun's reflection in the horizon  
Gleams ere he rises, so the spectral shadows  
Of great events come striding on before,  
And in to-day already stalks to-morrow.  
I have bethought me often of the tales  
Which I have heard of the fourth Henry's death.

Long ere Ravallac's murd'rous hand had arm'd  
Itself against his life, the King had felt  
The visionary dagger in his breast ;  
It broke his nightly rest ; it haunted him  
Even in the guarded chambers of his Louvre ;  
It drove him forth ; the coronation mirth  
Peal'd round him like a funeral knell ; his ear  
Heard the loud beating of the assassin's tread,  
That sought him through the crowded streets of Paris.

COUNTESS.

And does no fearful presage tell thee aught ?

WALLENSTEIN.

Nothing.—Be calm and fear not.

COUNTESS (*relapsing into melancholy thought*).

Once again,

As after thee I came, thou fled'st before me  
Through lengthen'd passages and empty halls,  
That open'd endless on the eye. Doors beat  
Together clashing ; panting, on I flew,  
But could not reach thee. Sudden from behind  
I felt a frozen hand lay hold upon me—

'Twas thine—and thou did'st kiss me ; and above us  
A crimson covering slowly was laid down.

WALLENSTEIN.

That was the crimson hanging of my chamber.

COUNTESS (*looking to* WALLENSTEIN).

If it should come to this—if thou, who new  
In life's full vigour stand'st before me thus——

[*She sinks weeping upon his neck.*

WALLENSTEIN.

The Emperor's Ban alarms thee. Fear not—words  
Slay not, and hands to slay he finds not here.

COUNTESS.

But should he find them—My resolve is fix'd—  
I bear about me what shall end my woe.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

WALLENSTEIN. GORDON. *Afterwards a SERVANT.*

WALLENSTEIN.

Is't quiet in the town?

GORDON.

The town is quiet.

WALLENSTEIN.

I hear the din of music, and the Castle  
Is full of lights. Who are the revellers?

GORDON.

It is the banquet which the castle gives  
To the Count Terzky and Field-Marshal Illo.

WALLENSTEIN (*apart*).

In honour of our victory.—Ay, this race  
Think there is no rejoicing save at table.

[*Rings—a SERVANT enters.*

Undress me, I will lay me down to rest.

[*Takes the keys.*

So are we now from every foe protected,  
Surrounded by a circle of true friends,  
For all indeed must be deceitful, if

A face like this— [Looking at GORDON.

—Can play the hypocrite.

[*The SERVANT removes his mantle, gorget, and scarf.*

WALLENSTEIN.

See there,—what falls ?

SERVANT.

The golden chain is broken.

WALLENSTEIN.

It hath held long enough—So, give it me.

[*Looking at the chain.*

This was the Emperor's first gift. He hung it  
As Archduke round my neck in the campaign  
Of Friaul.\* I have worn it since through custom—  
Through superstition, if ye will. I deem'd it

---

\* Friuli.

Should be to me a talisman of power,  
While worn believingly about my neck,  
To bind inconstant Fortune to my side,  
Whose earliest gift it was.—But let it go—  
Henceforth we'll conjure with another charm,  
Since we have laid the spirit of this spell.

[SERVANT *goes out with the dress.* WALLEN-  
STEIN *rises, paces through the hall, and at*  
*last stops musingly before GORDON.*

WALLENSTEIN.

How clear the days of old come back before me !  
I live again the hours of youth, when we  
Were fellow-pages in the Court at Burgau.  
We quarrell'd often :—Yet 'twas kindly meant,  
When thou wert wont to play the moralist,  
And blame me that my spirit ever strove  
After high visions, unattainable,  
Far reaching o'er thy golden mean of life.  
Gordon, thy wisdom hath but ill advised thee ;  
Too early it hath made thee an old man ;  
And, did not Wallenstein's more generous star



Revive thy fading light, would leave thee now,  
Forgetting and forgotten, here to die.

GORDON.

My Prince, the humble fisherman, who anchors  
His little bark within the peaceful harbour,  
Oft sees the mightier ship in ocean stranded.

WALLENSTEIN.

Art thou already landed then, old man ?  
So am not I. My undecaying vigour  
Impels me freshly o'er the waves of life.  
Hope is my goddess still ; my spirit yet  
Is redolent of youth ; and when I see  
Myself beside thee, I may proudly say  
That o'er these brown unchanging locks of mine  
Years pass, and leave no traces of their power.

*[Paces the hall with lengthened strides, and stops  
on the other side, opposite to GORDON.]*

Who's he that says that Fortune's false ? To me  
She hath been true. High o'er the ranks of men  
Her love hath raised me ; up the steps of life  
Her strong and godlike arms have drawn me on.

Nothing is common in my fate—not even  
These furrows of my hand. Who shall interpret  
My life according to the ways of man ?  
Sudden and fearful as my fall hath seem'd,  
Shall be my rising ; and a higher flood  
Shall follow on this ebbing of my fortunes.

GORDON.

And yet I do bethink me of the proverb,  
Praise not the day before the evening come.  
Hope not too strongly from thy past success ;  
Hope is Misfortune's adjunct. 'Tis for those  
Who never knew adversity to fear ;  
The scales of Destiny are never steady.

WALLENSTEIN (*smiling*).

I hear again the cautious Gordon speak.  
I know full well the things of earth change hands—  
That the malignant gods exact their due.  
This too the Heathen knew of old ; and therefore  
Freely they wooed misfortune, striving thus  
To reconcile their jealous deities,  
And human sacrifices bled to Typhon.

*[After a pause, solemnly, and in a low voice.]*

I too have sacrificed to him. For me  
My dearest friend hath fall'n—and fell through me.  
Life has no joy to offer to my heart,  
That can rejoice it as this pang hath wrung.  
But now the blow is struck—the fearful debt  
Of Fate is cancell'd—life for life is given ;  
And on the young, the loved, the innocent head,  
Hath fall'n the bolt that else had blasted mine.

#### SCENE V.

WALLENSTEIN. SENI. GORDON.

WALLENSTEIN.

Is not that Seni ?—and so agitated.—

What brings thee hither at this hour, Baptista ?

SENI.

Fear for thy safety.

WALLENSTEIN.

Speak—where lies the danger?

SENI.

Fly ere the morning break—O haste !—Intrust not  
Thyself unto these Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

What dost thou mean?

SENI (*in a louder voice*).

Trust not thyself unto these Swedes.

WALLENSTEIN.

Why so?

SENI.

O, wait not for the coming of these Swedes !  
Some evil from false friends is near. The stars  
Frown on thee in their courses : Near and nearer  
The nets of treachery are drawn around thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thou dream'st, Baptista, surely—fear hath fool'd thee.

SENI.

O, think not that vain fears alarm me !—Come,  
Read thou thyself i' the aspect of the planets,  
That evil from false friends is nigh at hand.

WALLENSTEIN.

Alas ! from faithless friends my evil fortune  
Hath ever flow'd ! The warning comes too late.  
That truth it needs no star to tell me now.

SENI.

O, come and see—thine eyes shall be thy witness.  
A fearful sign stands in the house of life—  
A foe is at thy side—a fiend is lurking  
Behind the radiance of thy star—Be warn'd !  
Trust not thyself unto these heretics,  
Who with our holy Church have ever warr'd.

WALLENSTEIN (*smiling*).

Ha, Seni ! sounds the warning so ? Ay, now  
I do bethink me that this Swedish league  
Hath never pleased thee. Lay thyself to rest,  
Baptista—signs like these I cannot fear.

GORDON.

My princely General, may I dare to speak ?  
Oft from a foolish mouth good counsel comes.

WALLENSTEIN.

Speak freely.

GORDON.

My Prince—if this should be no idle fear—  
If Providence for thy deliverance spoke  
In this man's accents with miraculous organ——

WALLENSTEIN.

Ye speak in fever—he as well as thou.  
What evil can befall me from the Swedes ?  
*They sought this league—'tis for their own advantage.*

GORDON.

What, if the very coming of these Swedes  
Should but accelerate the bolt of ruin,  
That hovers o'er thy unsuspecting head ?  
[*Falling at his feet.*

Yet there is time, my Prince.

SENI (*kneeling beside him*).

O, hear him, hear him !

WALLENSTEIN.

Time ?—and for what ? Rise up, I say—rise up.

GORDON (*rises*).

The Rhinegrave is still distant. Speak the word,  
And straight this fortress shall be shut against him.  
If he will here besiege us, let him try ;

I have but this to say, that sooner he  
Shall perish with his host before our walls,  
Than weary out our constancy and courage.  
Yes, he shall learn what heroes can, when led  
By heroes striving to redeem their errors.  
Then will the Emperor be reconciled,  
For mildly is his heart disposed ; and Friedland,  
Repentant and returning, shall again  
Rise to a prouder eminence of favour,  
Than that from which the rebel Friedland fell.

WALLENSTEIN (*looks at him with surprise, and remains silent for some time, during which he evinces deep internal agitation*).

Gordon, the warmth of friendship leads thee far,  
And to the friend of youth much may be pardon'd :  
But, Gordon, blood has flow'd ; for me there is  
No more forgiveness—Could the Emperor pardon,  
Alas ! I never could forgive myself.

O ! had I known before, what now I know,  
That it would cost my dearest friend his life,  
And had my heart spoke then as it speaks now,  
Perhaps I might have paused awhile, perhaps

I might not—but why ponder now?—too gravely  
We have begun, to end in jest at last.  
Then let it take its course.

[*Moving to the window.*

See, it is dead of night—all in the castle  
Is dark and silent—light me to my chamber.

[*The Servant, who has entered quietly, and stood  
at some distance with visible interest, comes  
forward in strong agitation, and throws him-  
self at the DUKE's feet.*

Thou too!—But yet I know why thou should'st wish  
To see me with the Emperor at peace.  
Poor man! he has in far Carinthia  
Some little farm, and fears they'll take it from him  
If he remain with me. And am I then  
So poor I cannot recompense my servants?  
But I'll have no compulsion. If thou think'st  
Fortune has left me, thou may'st leave me too.  
Undress me once again to-night—then hie thee  
To-morrow to thine Emperor. Good night,  
Gordon. I fain would soundly sleep to-night,



For I am wearied with this troublous day.  
See that they wake me not too soon to-morrow.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

GORDON. BUTTLER (*at first behind the Scenes*).

BUTTLER.

Halt here, and wait until I give the sign.

GORDON (*starting up*).

'Tis he—he brings the murderers.

BUTTLER.

The lights

Are out—all lies in deepest slumber here.

GORDON.

What shall I do? Shall I attempt to save him?

Shall I alarm the house, and raise the guard?

BUTTLER.

Light streams from yonder corridor. It leads  
To the Duke's bed-chamber.

GORDON.

But then I break

My oath unto the Emperor. Should he  
Escape to join the Swede, I should draw down  
A fearful visitation on my head.

BUTTLER (*coming nearer and listening*).

Hark ! who speaks there ?

GORDON.

Better it were to leave  
The task to Providence ; for what am I,  
That I should mingle in these mighty acts ?  
I shall not be his murderer if he dies—  
His life would be *my* deed, and on my head  
Would all its dark and heavy issues lie.

BUTTLER (*coming forward*).

Methinks I know that voice.

GORDON.

Buttler ?

BUTTLER.

'Tis Gordon.

What brings thee hither ? Has the Duke but left you  
So late ?

GORDON.

You wear your arm within a sling.

BUTTLER.

Ay, it is wounded. Illo fought like one  
Despairing, till he fell.

GORDON (*shuddering*).

They are dead?

BUTTLER.

'Tis done.

Is he to bed?

GORDON.

O, Buttler !——

BUTTLER.

Is he ? speak.

Not long can what is done remain conceal'd.

GORDON.

He shall not die. O, not through thee ! Heav'n wills  
Thou should'st not do it. See, thine arm is wounded.

BUTTLER.

*My* arm is needless.

GORDON.

But the guilty are  
Already dead. Enough is done for justice.  
Now let this sacrifice atone for all !

[*Servant passes along the Gallery, motioning to  
them, with his finger on his mouth, to be silent.*

He sleeps. O, murder not that holy sleep !

BUTTLER.

No, he shall die awake. [Preparing to go.

GORDON.

Alas ! his heart  
Is yet too strongly bound to earthly things !  
Send him not unprepared before his God !

BUTTLER.

God will have mercy.

GORDON (*detains him*).

Give him but this night !

BUTTLER.

One moment may involve us all in ruin.

GORDON (*holding him*).

An hour—O ! but an hour !

BUTTLER.

Let go, I say.

What could that short delay avail him now?

GORDON.

Time is a wonder-working deity.

In one short hour do many thousand grains

Of sand run on, and swift as they, succeeds

The shifting current of the thoughts of man.

Wait but one hour ! Thy heart may change, or his

May change in that short space—some messenger

May yet arrive, some accident befall,

Decisive, salutary, sent from Heaven.

What may an hour not do ?

BUTTLER.

You but remind me

How precious every moment is.

[*Stamps on the ground.*]

## SCENE VII.

MACDONALD. DEVEREUX, *with* HALLEBARDIERS.

SERVANT. BUTTLER. GORDON.

GORDON (*placing himself before BUTTLER*).

No, monster,

Over my body thou must force thy way,

Before this deed of horror shall be done.

BUTTLER (*pushing him aside*).

Weak-minded dotard!

[*Trumpets are heard at a distance.*

MACDONALD and DEVEREUX.

Hark! the Swedish trumpets!

The Swedes surround the town—we must be speedy.

GORDON.

O God! O God!

BUTTLER (*to GORDON*).

Hence—to thy post, Commandant.

[*GORDON rushes out.*

SERVANT (*entering hastily*).

Who makes this tumult? Hush—the General sleeps.

DEVEREUX (*with a loud and terrible voice*).

Now is the time for tumult!

SERVANT.

Murder! Help!

BUTTLER.

Down with him.

SERVANT (*stabbed by DEVEREUX, falls at the entrance of the gallery*).

Jesu Maria!

BUTTLER.

Burst the doors.

[*They move over the Body along the gallery.*

*Two doors are heard burst open at a distance.*

*A sound of voices—clashing of arms—then deep silence.*

## SCENE VIII.

COUNTESS TERZKY (*alone, with a light*).

Her bed-chamber is empty. Through the house  
In vain I seek her. Neubrunn too is gone,  
Who watch'd beside her. Can she then have fled?  
Yet whither could she fly? We must pursue  
Her flight, rouse all to action on the instant.  
How will the Duke receive the fearful news?  
O that my husband from this banquet were  
Return'd! Perhaps the Duke is still awake.  
Methought I heard the sound of steps and voices.  
I will retire and listen at the door.—  
Hark, who comes here? who flies so fast?



## SCENE IX.

COUNTESS. GORDON. *Afterwards* BUTTLER.

GORDON (*rushes in breathless*).

It was an error—it was not the Swedes.

Do not the deed—proceed no farther, Butler.

O God! where is he?

[*Seeing the* COUNTESS.

Countess, tell me where!

COUNTESS.

Thou comest from the Castle—where's my husband?

GORDON (*shuddering*).

Thy husband—ask me not. Retire—go in.

COUNTESS (*holding him*).

Not till thou tell'st me all—

GORDON (*struggling to pass*).

The fate of worlds

Hangs on this moment. For the love of Heaven,

Retire; even while we speak—

[*Calling loudly.*

O, Buttler! Buttler!

COUNTESS.

Buttler is in the Castle with my husband.

[*BUTTLER enters from the Gallery.*

GORDON (*seeing him*).

It was an error—it was not the Swedes,

'Twas the Imperialists that forced their way.

The General sends me hither—he himself

Will follow instantly. Proceed no farther.

BUTTLER (*after a pause*).

He comes too late.

GORDON (*falling against the wall*).

O, God of mercy!

COUNTESS.

What—

What is too late? Who follows on the instant?

Octavio here in Egra! Treachery!

Where is the Duke?

[*Flying towards the Gallery.*

## SCENE X.

*The same.* SENI. *Afterwards* BURGOMASTER. PAGE.  
WAITING WOMAN. SERVANTS (*running terrified*  
*across the Stage*).

SENI.

O, deed of blood and horror !

COUNTESS.

Seni, what hath befallen ?

PAGE (*coming out*).

O, piteous sight !

COUNTESS.

What is it, in God's name ?

SENI.

Dost thou still ask ?—

There lies thy brother murder'd, and thy husband  
Is in the Castle slain.

[COUNTESS *stands petrified with horror.*

WAITING WOMAN (*entering hastily*).

Help—help the Duchess !

BURGOMASTER (*coming forward with signs of terror*).

What cry of sorrow wakes this house from sleep ?

GORDON.

A curse hath lighted on thy house for ever.

The Prince is murder'd here.

BURGOMASTER.

O, God forbid !

[*Rushes out.*]

FIRST SERVANT.

Fly, fly, we shall be murder'd all,

SECOND SERVANT (*carrying silver plate*).

This is

The way—the under passages are barr'd.

*A Voice behind the Scenes.*

Make way. Place for the General-Lieutenant—

Guard all the doors, and hold the people back.

## SCENE XI.

*The same, except the COUNTESS. COUNT OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, with Attendants. DEVEREUX and MACDONALD enter from the back ground. The Body of Wallenstein is borne across the Stage, covered with a red Mantle.*

OCTAVIO (*entering hastily*).

It is not—cannot be so. Buttlér! Gordon!

I'll not believe it—Say, it is not so.

[GORDON, *without answering, points with his hand to the Body of Wallenstein behind.* OCTAVIO *looks, and stands overcome with horror.*

DEVEREUX (*to BUTTLER*).

Here is the Golden Fleece—The Prince's sword.

MACDONALD.

Is it your order that we—

BUTTLER (*pointing to OCTAVIO*).

Here he stands,

Who now alone hath right to order here.

[DEVEREUX and MACDONALD *draw back respectfully—all gradually go out, till only BUTTLER, GORDON, and OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, remain on the Stage.*

OCTAVIO (*turning to BUTTLER*).

Was this our purpose, Buttler, when we parted?

O, God of Justice! I lift up my hand,

And say, that of this dark and monstrous deed

I am not guilty.

BUTTLER.

True—your hands are clean—

You have made use of mine.

OCTAVIO.

O, iron heart!—

So must thou then abuse thy master's mandate,

And on thine Emperor's sacred head draw down

The dark indelible disgrace of murder?

BUTTLER (*with composure*).

Nought have I done beyond the Emperor's sentence

OCTAVIO.

O, curse of kings ! that to their lightest word

The mind of man will give an evil life,

And link so fast the ever-changing will

Unto the fix'd, irrevocable action.

Must it be done so rashly ? Could'st thou not

Grant to the merciful the time for mercy ?—

Time is our better angel.—Thus to hurry

Swift execution on the sentence, suits

With God alone—who is unchangeable.

BUTTLER.

Why dost thou chide me thus ? What is my crime ?

I have but done a useful deed. I have freed

The Empire from a fearful enemy,

And hold myself entitled to reward.

Where does our conduct differ, save in this,

That thou hast pointed and prepared the shaft,

And I have shot it home ? Blood thou hast sown ;

And shalt thou stand surprised, that blood hath sprung ?

Not rashly have I done the deed, and therefore  
I look with calmness on its consequences.  
Hast thou no message for the Court? This hour  
I travel towards Vienna, there to lay  
This bloody sword before the Emperor's throne,  
And to await the sentence of approval,  
Which, from a judge more honest than thou art,  
Obedience prompt and full as ours may claim.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE XII.

*The same, except BUTTLER. COUNTESS TERZKY enters pale and disfigured. Her speech is weak, slow, and passionless.*

OCTAVIO (*meeting her*).

O, Countess Terzky, must it come to this?  
These are the issues of unhappy deeds.

COUNTESS.

They are the issues of thy deed. The Duke



Is dead—my husband too is dead—the Duchess  
Lies in the grasp of death—my niece is gone.  
This house of splendour and of princely pomp  
Is desolate ; and from its fated doors  
Crowd forth the terrified inhabitants.  
I am the last—I close the portal up,  
And here deliver up the key.

OCTAVIO (*with deep anguish*).

O, Countess,

My house is desolate as well as thine !

COUNTESS.

Who next must fall—who next must be the victim ?  
The Prince is dead, the Emperor's vengeance may  
Be satisfied. Pardon these grey-hair'd servants ;  
Let not their love and trusty services  
To these true hearts be reckon'd as a crime.  
The summons of his fate surprised my brother  
Too soon. He had no time to think of them.

OCTAVIO.

No more of wrong—no more of vengeance, Countess !  
Deep guilt has deeply been atoned ; the Emperor

Is reconciled ; from sire to child descends  
Nought but his glory and his services.  
The Empress reverences thy griefs, and opens  
Her sympathizing and maternal arms  
To shield thee from misfortune. Fear no more ;  
Take confidence, and yield thyself in hope  
Unto the Emperor's mercy.

COUNTESS (*looking to heaven*).

I have trusted  
Unto the mercy of a higher King. . .

Where shall these princely relics find a tomb ?  
In the Carthusian monast'ry he built  
At Gitschin rests the Countess Wallenstein ;  
And by her side, with whom his earliest fortune  
Began, it was his wish in death to lie.  
O let him there be buried. For my husband's  
Remains, I would entreat the same sad favour.  
The Emperor has our Castles ; but he will not  
Grudge us the boon we ask—a little earth,  
A grave beside the graves of our forefathers.

OCTAVIO.

You tremble, Countess—you grow pale.—O God !  
What fearful meaning do these words involve ?

COUNTESS (*collecting her remaining strength, and  
speaking with emotion and dignity*).

Think better of me, Count, than to believe  
That I should overlive my house's fall.

In life we did not feel ourselves unworthy  
To stretch our hand towards a Monarch's crown ;  
It would not be,—but yet our thoughts are kingly ;  
And freely thus and fearlessly to die,  
We deem more fitting than to live dishonour'd.  
I have taken poison.

OCTAVIO.

Help !

COUNTESS.

It is too late. !

A few short moments and my course is run.

[*Exit.*

GORDON.

O house of murder and of horror !

[*A courier enters and brings a letter.*

What

Is this?—It bears the Emperor's seal.

[*Reads the address, and delivers it to OCTAVIO  
with a look of reproach.*

To the PRINCE Piccolomini.

[*OCTAVIO trembles, and looks up to Heaven  
sorrowfully. The curtain falls.*

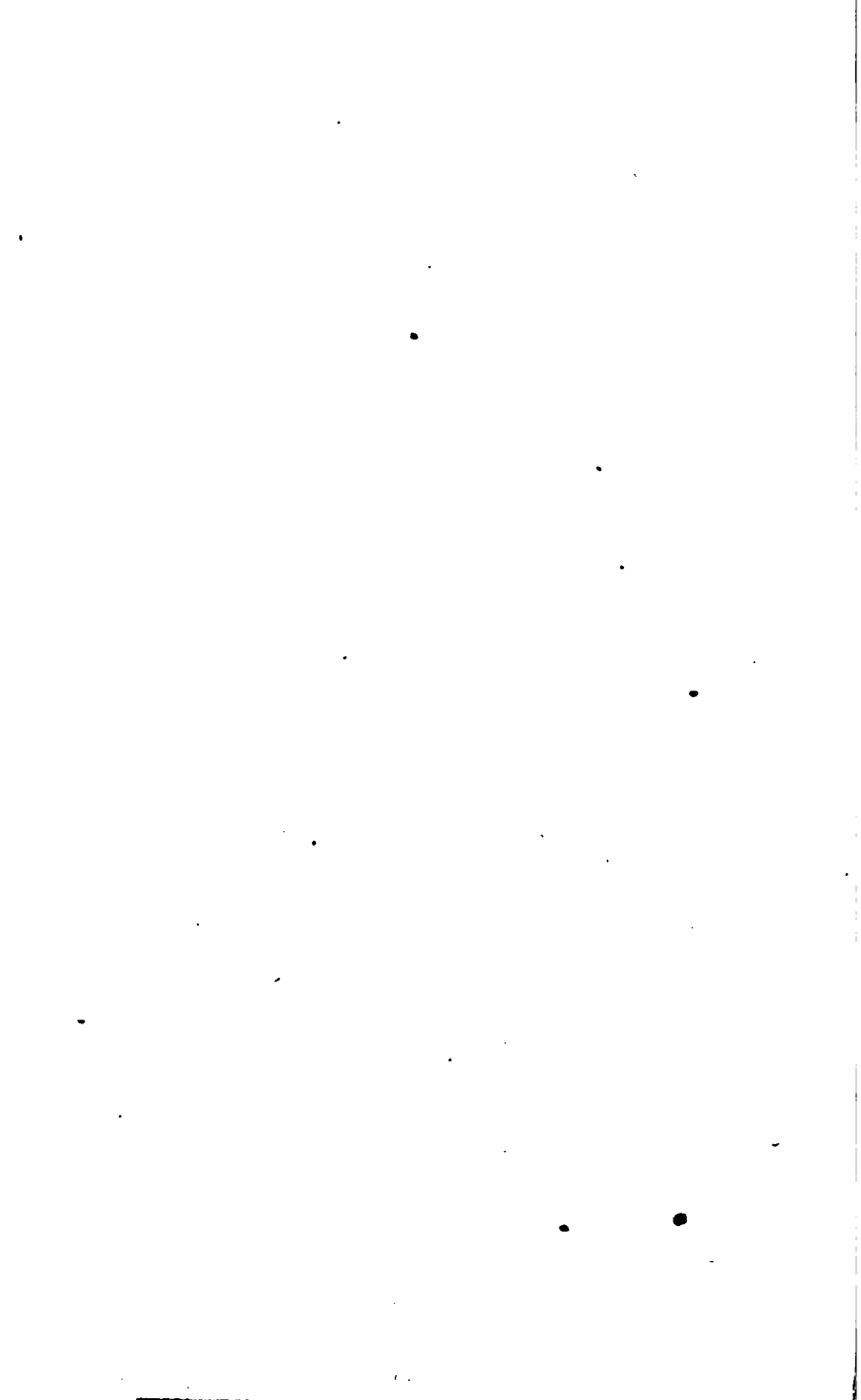
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